VIRUS 23



No. 0

21st CENTURY
FILM CORPORATION

GEORGE A. ROMERO

presents

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD



Executive Producer
GEORGE A. ROMERO

Based on the screenplay of the 1968 film
"Night of the Living Dead" by
JOHN A. RUSSO and GEORGE A. ROMERO

Screenplay by
GEORGE A. ROMERO

Produced by
JACK RUSSO and "X" STEINER

Directed by
TOM SAVINI

Principal Photography
Fall 1989





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Front cover: *Video-Head* - Donald David.

Replicating new strains

Reality begins with the human mind. The human nervous system filters, categorizes and distorts the external universe until the individual can truly be said to create the world in which they live.

The process of enculturation by itself usually creates the reality in which most people live. Thought is imposed by the cultural environment. Values, beliefs and even behavioral paradigms are determined by the social status quo. People live in a shared illusory reality, a consensual hallucination, without realizing its true nature, thereby absconding themselves of all personal responsibility. They believe they know truth.

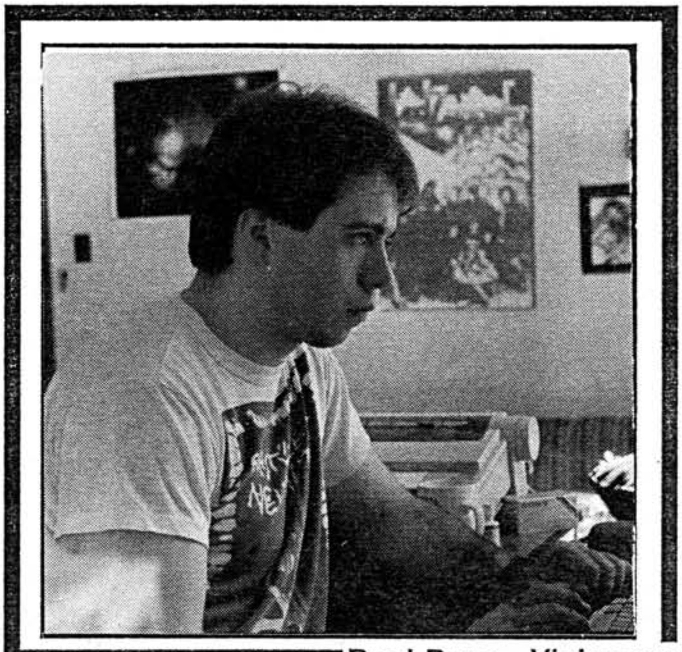
Individuals have the potential to control these illusions, foster individual thought and promote rapid changes within the existing socio-cultural mileau. Aleister Crowley called this process magick. "Magick is the science and art of causing change to occur in conformity with will."

When one substitutes a modern metaphorical system, magick transcends the popular connotations of archaic rituals and paperback psychology. Crowley views every intentional act as essentially magickal. Therefore, the technological evolution of the human animal is a return to the magick of the tribal shamans. We manipulate the world with every tool at our disposal. Virus 23 is a medicine bag.

We discover and produce a vast array of tools and techniques alter our conscious perceptions of reality. Today television is the most intrusive. McLuhan said that technologies are "extensions and self-amputations," of the human body. Communications and information-processing technology form extensions of the human nervous system. By controlling the symbolic content flowing through these extensions, one can influence the global nervous system for which Philip Dick coined the term VALIS (Vast Active LIving Intelligence System).

In the 1960s, when McLuhan wrote his analysis of media, television was a centrally controlled manipulation tool. It still is, but we now have the potential to control our own screens with video recorders, cameras, Hypermedia and personal computers. Not only can we decide what we watch, and when we watch it, we can also create it.

This is all part of a larger phenomenon; the Information Age. Increasingly, the global economy is devoted to the creation and exchange of information, as opposed to material goods. Information is a commodity, and the means to manipulate it within our reach. Information is more than facts and figures. It is the real of the mind; fact, fiction, art, craft, emotion and reason, in short it is the sum total of what it is to be human. In a sense, the information age is the era of satiation of the mind as well as the body.



Paul Pype - Visionary

The primary issue of the Information Age is control. Who controls the information and who can control it? Broadcast television. Hollywood, the recording industry, government and business are all devoted to the centralization of information. Now, however, the individual is capable of transmitting a message without bureaucratic intervention (in the medium of your choice).

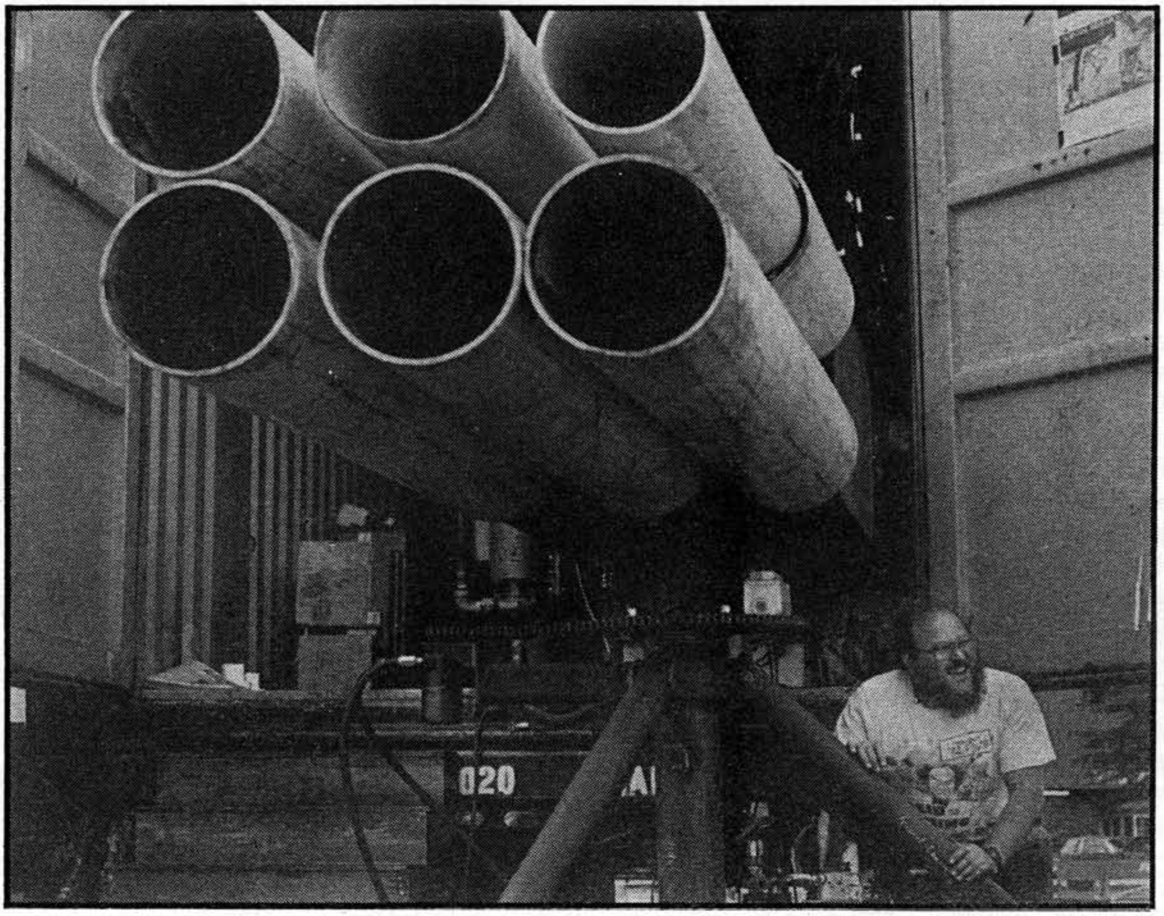
The viral metaphor is particularly appropriate for these troubled times, viruses transmit information, whether DNA, computer programming, or cultural mutagens. Spreading ideas alters our cultural environment in much the same way that a virus causes disease; the information spreads and eventually takes over the entire organism. But, as David Cronenberg once said: "Disease is the love of two alien kinds of creatures for one another."

We do not aim for death, merely transmutation and symbiosis. Mutation of the whole from within.

Reality is subjective. The individual must be free to create and explore their own possibilities, and the most important toll is the mind itself.

Virus 23 is dedicated to the dissemination of information, the meat of the mind. This information is yours to take; ideas can never be owned.

PROVOKING DISCOMFORT PROVOKES THOUGHT



Jonathan Levine in New York with the shock wave cannon. "Behind me is THE CONTAINER, which, in New York, served as workshop\video production CR\bedroom in addition to machine conveyance."

Behind the scenes at SRL:
A conversation with Jonathan Levine

By Bruce Fletcher

Based in San Francisco, the Survival Research Laboratories are entering their second decade of chaotic mechanical destruction, as they continue to turn modern warfare technology into 'harmless' entertainment. Huge, dangerous machines, flamethrowers, Shockwave Cannons, and dead animals figure prominently in the apocalyptic performance art they create.

Mark Pauline formed SRL in 1978, after taking the name from a one-shot ad in *Soldier of Fortune*, Matt Heckert joined him in1981, and Eric Werner started in1982. They formed the core of the group; however like any organization, SRL mutated through the years. They may now employ up to one hundred people to put on a show.

In the last couple of years, they performed in New York, Amsterdam, and Copenhagen. Their European tour is documented in an incredibly entertaining video, ***The Will to Provoke: An Account of Fantastic Schemes for Initiating Social Improvement*** by Jonathan Reiss. The tape provides a wonderful overview of the performances and SRL's underlying philosophy, which includes the desire to siphon off some of the talent that currently goes into the defense industry. One of the more revealing segments details the effects of SRL's smoke generator during a housing riot in Amsterdam. SRL allowed the rioters to 'steal' the machine, and it shows up quite well in the police videotape of the event.

Their last full-scale show, ***Illusions of Shameless Abundance: Degenerating into an Uninterrupted Sequence of Hostile Encounters***, was held in a San Francisco parking lot on May 28,1989. Since then, SRL won the Artspace's 1989 Sculpture Grant Award, and set up an indoor installation for the summer at the Artspace in San Francisco.

This was my first opportunity to see the machines in person, and the experience was truly awe-inspiring. When I walked into the Artspace, I had to sign a release absolving the gallery and the artists of all responsibility if anything untoward should befall me. So, when I was handed safety goggles and earplugs, I promptly put them on. It was a good thing I did. The show consisted of four machines: the Scrabbler (which reminded me of a crippled dog futilely trying to stand), the Finger (a jointed appendage that knocked chips from the cinder blocks in the wall with a scythe that chopped wildly at its end), the Clacker Balls (two large metal balls hanging from frayed bungie cords), and a Shockwave Cannon mounted on the roof. Undoubtably, the most exhilirating moment of my vacation occurred when the Cannon blasted me in the chest (accidently, I discovered later) from a couple of metres away. All in all, a very good time!
While I was there I happened to meet a fellow Albertan, Jonathan Levine. Luckily for me, he's a really nice guy, a natural story-teller, and completely accommodating. Jonathan is a machine operator and computer designer for SRL. He divides his time between SRL projects and Digital Alternatives, his microprocessor design company in Calgary. I phoned him after he returned to Canada to discuss his involvement with this unique group.

Jonathan Levine: One of the things that is interesting to us, and this is something that we really delight in, is the dissemination of false information. So don't be too hasty to make sure you have all the facts straight. For example, in ***Forced Exposure*** magazine they review our latest tape, ***The Will to Provoke*** by Jon Reiss, and it states that SRL broke up. It's kind of neat to hear that SRL has effectively disbanded since that tape came out. But that's just fine. I'm certainly not going to rush to correct them because the dissemination of misinformation is a really delightful thing to be engaged in as well.

Bruce Fletcher: When did you first get interested in the Survival Research Laboratories? I sat up and took notice when I saw an article in ***New Look*** magazine in 1986.

JL: That was the one that did it for me too, because that was the first article that I saw that had Pauline, Heckert, and Werner's names, all three of them in the same place. That's when I phoned up directory to get the numbers for these guys. I just started phoning them and trying not to get an answering machine.

BF: The bane of modern communications.

JL: Yeah believe me, I have enough trouble now trying to get hold of Mark because of that answering machine.

BF: How did you first get involved?

JL: The way most people get involved with SRL. You talk to friends, you see a few clips on the news late at night, and you bump into some magazine articles,and you find yourself thinking, "Goddam, wouldn't it be cool to work with those guys. They look like they've got the neatest toys around." So you either show up at the doorstep if you live in the neighborhood, or you start by trying to phone them if you don't live in the neighborhood. You Find out what's up and whether or not they can use your particular talents. It's kind of tough to figure out, when all you've got to work from are press clippings and various articles from different sources. You never know if these guys are going to be very approachable - what the working situation is, whether there's any money available, or any of that sort of thing. But the first week of '87, I finally broke down and got their numbers from directory assistance. I'd been seeing clips on the news and lots of articles, and I called them up and said, "Hi, I'm a computer engineer; I live up in Canada eh, and I'd kinda like to work with you guys." The response was pretty indifferent. It was like, "Oh yeah, that's real cool, but we're really busy trying to get ready for a show now, so why don't you send us something about yourself, and we'll get back to you." So I thought, "A show coming up! The hell with sending something - I'll show up." So I flew down to San Francisco the day of the show....

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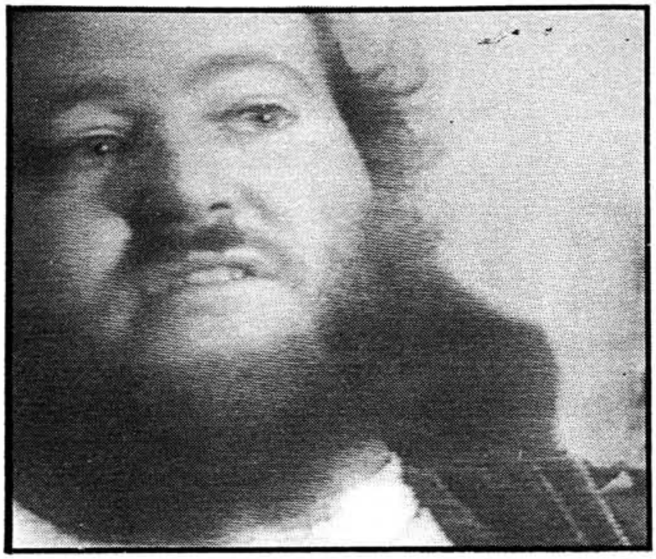
BF: Which performance was that?

JL: That was ***Delusions of Expediency: How to Avoid Responsibility by Acting Without Principle Under the Pretense of Utility*** at the end of January 1987. That was the last show in SF prior to ***Illusions of Shameless Abundance***, the one we ran in May '89. So I showed up at the shop on the afternoon of the show and I was expecting some kind of reception you know. (laughs) But it was more like, "Hi I'm the guy who called you from Canada," and they said, "Oh well, that's really great. Do you know how to run a punch press?" Immediately I got recruited and I did grunt work for the rest of the weekend while I got to know the guys. How's that?

BF: A wonderful story.

JL: Well, that's pretty typical. You get people who are calling up, or friends of friends who read about the activity on the computer nets and realize we are getting higher-tech, or guys like Greg Leyh from Stanford. He works on one of the accelerators there. When he'd heard about some of this activ-

ity, he didn't even phone up to find out exactly where the shop was. He just got into the neighbourhood, and started searching dead-end streets until he found something that looked like an SRL shop, with lots of machines parked around it. He knocked on the door in the middle of the night while it rained outside and said, "Hi, I want to come in and talk to you guys." (laughs) Well, you usually just show up and see where you fit-in in the group.



That's what first established my credibility with SRL - my ability to get stuff

BF: I assume it's a major collaborative effort.

JL: Oh very much so.

BF: How many people work on a performance?

JL: Oh, when it comes to show time, we can have upwards of a hundred people involved. Everything from the people in the core of the group, who are actually doing the design and construction of machines, to those who are preparing the site, putting up posters- people who are doing the photographic blow-ups, all the way to the people who cook for us in the last week or so when things are getting really frantic. We get a wide variety of people from a lot of different directions. All kinds of people pitch in and lots of friends of friends show up.

BF: It's obviously idealism before money at that point.

JL: No question. There simply isn't any money in it for any of us.

BF: What attracted you to SRL?

JL: Well I could start reading through the list of different reasons. There are lots of reasons to want to be engaged in something like this. There is the obvious, immediate attraction, being that these are cool toys and I want to play with them.

BF: I can understand that.

JL: That's the easy straight-forward one. There are also one's own personal and more selfish reasons. If I look at it realistically in my position as a designer of microprocessor systems in Western Canada, as good as I am at what I do, there's not much chance that I'm going to elevate myself to the level of a Seymour Cray in my industry. So if I want to distinguish myself within the electronics industry, I'm going to have to find something very interesting to be involved with that **will** draw the attention of my industry peers. Something to cause them to pay a little attention. (laughs) That's a very selfish and egotistical thing to want to do, but there's no question that a large amount of motivation in what anybody does in their life is ego driven. You seek the recognition and approval of your peers. Plus, I get to work with a lot of cool people down there. In the past couple of years we've been travelling more. We're getting to play with better toys as we get better known and solicit the donation of more fun stuff. It goes on and on. I am also particularly interested by the process and by the evolution of the organization. I find it fascinating to watch how it's evolving and what's happening there.

JL: Yeah. I've been dubbing SRL tapes to send them to people from whom I'm soliciting donations of equipment. As far as I'm concerned that's what first established my credibility with SRL - my ability to get stuff. Sure, I could show up down there and say, "What are you guys doing running all this stuff joint by joint, how come you don't have any computer controls on your machines?", but they paid attention when I could get them stuff. What do we need here? We need shaft encoders for the Big Arm. Let me get at it. So that was the first donation we got. A package showed up from Hewlett Packard, with a couple grand worth of shaft encoders. I mean I was thrilled. It was instant credibility; maybe these guys are going to start listening to me now. Even when we got to Europe, months after we'd done the New York show, and we'd started to put intelligent controls on the machines, I was encountering a lot of resistance from Mark. Very much.

BF: Why?

JL: Because for ten years Mark had been building and operating his own machines! The idea of sacrificing the control of any aspect of one of his machines was something that was just inherently foreign to him. It was something he wasn't prepared to deal with, but he learned fast. In the last year, it's been really fascinating to watch the evolution. The Copenhagen show was really the watershed performance because that was the first show in which Matt and Mark didn't operate machines. Matt was up on the sound board, Mark directed and the machine operators operated the machines. I think

that was when Mark really accepted that "I'm only one man and I came here with all these people. To have organization there's got to be delegation of responsibility and I can't do it all myself." If we're going to get bigger and better, then that means bringing more people in and trusting them to do the jobs right. Get pros and get it done right, people who know exactly what the hell they're doing. Since then he's enthusiastically embraced the control systems we've been building for him. He's just happy as hell that the stuff works. This way, instead of Mark doing a half-assed job because he's trying to be an operator and a director, he's focussed. If he can't really do either properly, because each one is more than a full-time job, then everybody suffers. It was really important for him to reach the point where he could say, "I am the director of the organization and I do have to trust these people, who have been building the machines and working with them, to learn how to really run them and know their way around them." Things are going to happen- that's how we are really going to make these systems work to their full potential.

BF: You design microprocessor systems. How does that relate to what happens during a performance?

JL: At the simplest level; you've got to realize that until early 1988, there really were no electronic controls in any of the machines. The controls were all based on adapted model airplane radio controls, with bizarre arrangements of cams



Matt Heckert (on the right) and ?

It's not the kind of random carnage that it appears to be from a distance

and levers and switches, and all kinds of junk in them. I really got involved not having any idea of what it was I was going to do. I had seen the pictures, and I ultimately saw the big four-leg, one-ton Walking Machine. I was absolutely astounded that there wasn't any kind of sophisticated control in there. What particularly surprised me was the fact that half-an-hour's drive from Silicon Valley, the heart of my industry, there weren't hundreds of engineers trying to bang down the door to get involved. That didn't make any sense whatsoever. I had the opportunity to get involved, so obviously I was going to jump at it.

BF: I wonder how many engineers are suited for work on these shows? It seems to appeal to more mutant personalities.

JL: Oh God yeah, but it defies the odds. When you have that huge a population of techno-specialists, there should be more people, just because of the sheer numbers, who would want to get involved. And now that we've established the operating core of the electronics group, we're beginning to draw a lot more people through friends of friends, contacts, and activity on the e-mail nets. But back to the machines, at the lowest, simplest level the processors are eliminating some of the real rote drudgery of machine operation. For example, Mark built the big Walking Machine and he used to have to operate that thing with the radio controls, literally joint by joint to make it walk. (laughs) You can imagine trying to keep an eye on what's happening in an entire performance and concentrate on coordinating the walking motions of a machine like that. You'd be absolutely frazzled within minutes. The show can be so crazy and so intense that trying to manage all the things going on at once, plus driving a complicated machine like that, would just be overwhelming. It's never ceased to amaze me that Pauline was able to do it at all. So my job, in that case, was to automate the walking activity.

BF: How much control does an operator actually have?

JL: We can tell it walk forwards and walk backwards, turn left, or walk forwards while turning right, so we now steer the thing and drive it much more naturally. The machine operator doesn't have to concentrate so much on whether he's moving the foot forward before he's raised the knee. He can look at what's going on around and what possible interactions there are between it and other machines, and it's easier to keep track of where you are in the scenario and the script.

BF: So it elevates the operator beyond the particular to allow the entire system to be examined?

JL: Exactly, it makes the machines much more drivable and much more manageable. For the *Illusions of Shameless Abundance* show in May, we had three machines under processor control- the Scrabbler, the big Walking Machine, and the Big Arm. The Big Arm was the first, it really served as our development platform for the microprocessor system as it exists now. We're able to program in fairly sophisticated sequences, like walking forwards and back, grabbing and throwing, or waving the arm in particular patterns. Whenever you execute a sequence; like walk from point A to point B, you can stop and look around and say: "Okay, that's where the screw machine is. Here's where we are in the script. Here are the things that aren't quite going the way they are in the script, and what possibilities are there to

improvise?" By removing the operator from the mechanics of moving the machine around and operating the particulars of the machine, we really have a chance to concentrate on a much larger view.

BF: I've often wondered whether it was scripted, or pure apocalyptic chaos.

JL: Absolutely, the shows are scripted, sure.

BF: I assume that the primary intent of a particular show is illustrated by the title?

JL: Uh-huh. It's represented in the props about the set too. For a show that speaks of shameless abundance, we have a huge cornucopia that hangs from the ceiling. The interactions of the machines reflect the kinds of activities that we relate with excess abundance in the late twentieth century. Each show is very thematic and the props and the activities of the machines reflect that. It's not the kind of random carnage that it appears to be from a distance. When you see video tapes, read articles, and hear about it second hand, you really aren't getting the full flavour of what occurs at a show. You aren't seeing the whole thing from beginning to end, or seeing all the props and how they interact. It's a fairly complex scenario that gets acted out before the audience. We don't just wheel a bunch of stuff into the lot and smash it up and take it away. Things are planned.

BF: Do people get hurt?

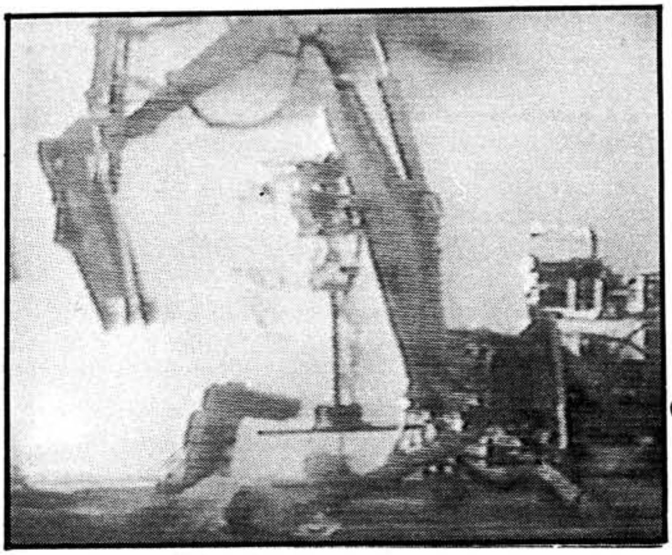
JL: Yeah, there's the odd minor injury. As many people on the crew get hurt as in the audience. Over the years people have been caught by pebbles that were kicked up by explosions. Crew members have been cut and had fingers mashed and things like that.

BF: And of course, Mark's accident. [He quite literally blew the flesh off his right hand while making rocket fuel. He now has a couple of toes attached to replace the missing fingers].

JL: Well yeah, that's a little more extreme case. That served as a lesson, and not only to Mark. It continues to serve as a lesson to all of us. When you're working in that environment, you don't fuck around. You don't fuck up. There just isn't any room for that. He was pretty lucky to come out of that alive. It's the kind of thing that stays in the back of everybody's head; there just isn't room to mess up here. You really have to keep your wits about you because the machines we're working with are very dangerous. In fact, they can even be more dangerous for us because we spend so much time around them that we develop an excess familiarity, and tend to ignore some of the obvious dangers. Audience members can get themselves into a lot more trouble than they usually do. I never cease to be amazed by the sort of casual attitude that people have toward the machines during performances. When they're being approached by machines, the really sensible thing to do is to get the hell out of there. In a lot of cases people don't. It's like, "Oh nice Big Arm, let me reach out and pet you." In fact, in a moment's notice, this thing can take your arm right the fuck off.

BF: Would you describe the Big Arm.

JL: Well the Big Arm premiered in New York, went to Europe, and then it was in the San Francisco show in May. It's built around a backhoe arm which has a three foot long aluminum plate hand at the end of it. It walks and moves itself about. A very mobile machine; very expressive. It walks by extending the arm, digging the hand into the surface of the parking lot and dragging itself along.



The Big Arm

"WE TRY TO BE AS 'FRANKENSTEINIAN' AS WE CAN WITH THESE MACHINES"

BF: Do you use hydraulics?

JL: Yeah, most of the machines are hydraulic driven. The Big Arm has now been retired. (laughs) It's been decommissioned for a couple of years. At the ***Illusions*** show it was tipped over into a pretty big fire. All the controls, the hydraulics and the pneumatic lines and all the wiring and stuff were utterly destroyed. So that machine gets knocked down and stuck in the back of the shop in pieces.

BF: The SRL graveyard is the back of the shop?

JL: Yeah, we try to be as 'Frankensteinian' as we can with these machines. Sometimes, after a year or two we'll drag it back out, and it'll get reincarnated in some new form. We'll change some things and add some new stuff.

BF: The art of auto-cannibalism.

JL: Yeah, exactly. It could come back looking like anything. There's no way to predict it.

BF: You went to Europe a year ago?

JL: New York was really the first stop. We took 26 tons of machinery and a dozen people there for a show in the middle of May 1988. In July, we met up with the machinery again in Amsterdam and did a show there. Then we went to Copenhagen and did a show at the end of July. There was supposed to have been two English dates as well, but the English organizers, or disorganizers, fucked up pretty badly and the shows were cancelled. We came home badly in debt.

BF: Did you notice a different response to your shows in Europe? North Americans have always loved big destructive machinery, for example stock car races, monster truck rallys, demolition derbys, and tractor-pulls. How widespread is this fascination?

JL: I think it's pretty much a global thing. How much different a response could we expect from Europeans? I hardly think that they've been kept in the dark ages technologically to the extent that they would be utterly stunned at the existence of such things. There is an active art scene and we're known there. The press gives us lots of attention wherever we go, so it didn't so much vary from North America to Europe, no. It varies very much though from country to country. The response we received in Copenhagen was nothing like what we had in Amsterdam.

The show can be so crazy and so intense that trying to manage all the things going on at once, plus driving a complicated machine like that, would just be overwhelming

BF: How was it different?

JL: Amsterdam is, in a lot of ways, still harbouring the worst of the sixtie's relics. Some of this is documented in *The Will to Provoke*. A lot of the old hippy sixties squatters living out on the island, Surinamekade, where we held the performance and set up shop, were hostile. We met with a really surprising amount of resistance on the part of the locals. They viewed us as the invasion of US militarism into their tidy, contained lifestyle. All this sudden activity was really quite a shock to their system. We did have some real trouble with the locals in Amsterdam, but certainly not all of them. There were a lot of people there from the N.L. Centrum and Mickery Theatre. N.L. Centrum is an organization that has presented a lot of industrial bands over the years in Amsterdam and surrounding area, and the Mickery Theatre is an established theatre company in the city. Many other people helped to put on the show for us, present us, and work with us. They're all just terrific folks. It's a real mixed bag there. The situation in Copenhagen was a little different. Our site was further away from any centres where there might have been groups of people, so we didn't have quite that same level of interaction with the people in the immediate locale.

BF: You mentioned industrial bands, what music do you listen to?

JL: A real mixed bag of stuff. For the most part, industrial and cold wave and the other sorts of things that people might naturally associate us with, really aren't of much interest to me. I'm especially appalled by the direction and evolution of that music into hideous trash like Skinny Puppy and other sorts of crap that gets put out under the industrial and post-industrial banner. Personally, I'm more interested in areas that I like to call meta-symphonic music, things like Univers Zero and Art Zoyd- descendents of the 'Rock in Opposition' school in Britain. The stuff on Recommended records. I like a lot of experimental compositions, as well as heavily improvised stuff. Have you ever been to Victoriaville?

BF: No.

JL: Are you familiar with Victoriaville at all?

BF: No. What's in Victoriaville?

JL: Victoriaville is the place where hockey sticks come from, a little town about halfway between Quebec City and Montréal. Every Fall, for the past seven years or so at the end of September and beginning of October, they host a real major league improvisational music festival. It's not just improvisation- there's a lot of composed works as well. The roster is absolutely first rate every year. You know, Fred Frith is a regular. Zorn's played there, Sun Ra played a couple of years ago. "The Man in the Elevator", a piece by Heiner Goebbels, which was just released on ECM records, was played there. The list goes on and on, it's an incredible array of international musicians, from Europe, the States, and Canada. It's really unparalleled. Considering the order of the magnitude of it, it's a surprisingly little known event. It's a hell of a thing.

BF: We're on the topic of music, so it's a good time to ask about Matt Heckert. I understand he branched off on his own recently?

JL: He left SRL on good terms after we came back from Europe. He set himself up with a new shop not too far away from SRL's shop. Now he's getting to work on building some new sound-oriented machinery.

BF: So he's focussing on machinery that creates sounds and/or plays instruments?

JL: I would say yes, guardedly. In a sense, anybody who plays any sort of instrument is using a machine to make a song. He's trying to build unusual musical instruments, and he can do so whilst utilizing techniques and talents that he evolved while working with SRL. Although it is tough to tell what might come out the other side.

BF: (laughs) So he's going to have musical instruments destroy each other?

JL: (laughing) No, no, no, I wouldn't expect that. He's really leaning toward a machine orchestra. There was a cyberpunk issue of ***Keyboard*** magazine, and Matt got written up in there. If you can find a copy of that, you can get a little more background.

BF: Actually, it's sitting right in front of me.

JL: Oh, you got it there?



Cyborg

"ANYBODY WHO PLAYS ANY SORT OF INSTRUMENT IS USING A MACHINE TO MAKE A SONG"

BF: Yeah, but they don't really get into specifics very much. They write about "the thumping sound cannons and booming flame speakers of Matt Heckert's robot orchestra". That does evoke a mood, but it doesn't tell me anything about the project.

JL: Yeah I can understand that. And it may or may not be all that truthful either. To be honest with you, I'm probably going to be working on some of the machines with Matt and one of our programmers, Rick Rees. Rick and I paid Matt a visit when I was down in San Francisco working on the Artspace installation. We were talking about possibilities for controlling the machines, just trying to get some idea of what Matt might be building and what kind of electronic controls he might want to use in them. My discussions with him haven't gone much further than that. Since then, he's probably come up with some better ideas of what it is he's building, and he's probably got to work on some of them. I'll have to wait till my next trip to find out exactly what the hell he's up to.

BF: So would you like to bounce back and forth between any group that needs your services?

JL: It's not so much that I want to make myself a free agent to any art type on the face of the Earth who might want electronic controls, I can't afford to do that. (laughs) I'm not independently wealthy. If someone is willing to pay me a respectable sum to show up and do that stuff, well then I'd be happy to show up. But in this case, Matt's a friend. In fact, it was really he who brought me into SRL. There's kind of a funny irony, considering that he's the one that brought me in, it's sort of odd that I've never had the opportunity to work on one of Matt's machines. We've never put any intelligent control on any of Matt's machines, only on Mark's.

BF: Why? Is that a conscious decision?

JL: No, certainly not. That was just the way situations were and the way things evolved. It was a case of who was building what machines that were suitable at the time, and all that sort of stuff. It's just the way things happened; it's certainly not a conscious decision. I've been looking forward very much to working with Matt, and it looks like it will finally happen.

BF: When is the next show?

JL: Tough question. I haven't spoken to Mark for about three weeks now [since the beginning of August 1989]. Mark was recently in Tokyo speaking at a symposium over there. He was going to try to hold some discussions toward putting together a show. Obviously everybody is always planning to put us on somewhere, but the big problem is coming up with the scratch. To take a show like this on the road is serious business. When you've got to transport twenty to thirty tons of machinery and a dozen people overseas, along with the logistics and local support that are necessary to put on a show somewhere, you're talking about \$50-60,000 U.S.. We also need local people, and a suitable location and all the other things that have to be dealt with. Logistically, it's a pretty tough thing. Who knows, we might see something happening in Japan next summer. It looks as though Seattle in July 1990 could be a pretty good bet. SRL were presented there in 1986, before I joined the group, by COCA (the Center On Contemporary Art), and they've been speaking with Mark for the past few months about another show there. Mark and Jon Reiss flew to Seattle in July to give a talk up there, and it looks like things are really moving forward in that direction. I know that Mark definitely wants to get to work on new machines. He's really itching to get new machines built, so I don't think anything is going to happen this fall or winter. It's going to be 'nose-down, ass-up' in the shop. We're also trying to get to work on some of the machines that have been in partial states of construction, and/or evolution of thought, for a couple of years. It's now

time to get them really properly in the works and get them built.

BF: So just hunkering down and getting things done takes a good portion of your time.

JL: Yeah absolutely. I can't even begin to tell you how much time goes into the construction of these things.

BF: So it must be a bit like losing a child when they go up in flames.

JL: Well I don't know. Most people **don't want** to throw their babies into the flames. But it is a weird feeling to take a machine that you've worked on pretty steadily for a year and destroy it. In my own case with the Big Arm, it was essentially built in 1988, but it took us another year of continual fine tuning, modification, revision, and rewrites of the software to get the processor and control systems to the point they're at now. So when I take something I spent over a year on, and at the conclusion of the show, turn it over into the piano fire, it is a hell of a thing. But I'm really delighted that we can do that.

BF: And it's all been documented on tape.

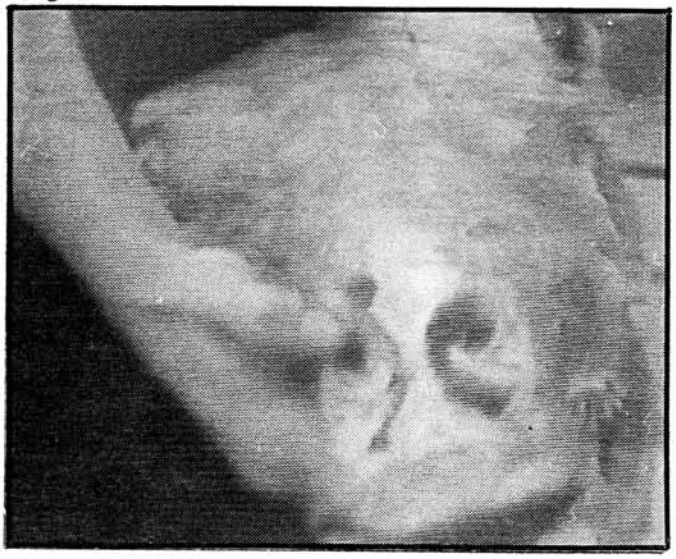
JL: Absolutely, we are documented to the teeth no matter what we do. It's really a delightful feeling, and not just for us, but for all the other people who work with us. Once a sculptor in Copenhagen had built a huge head, out of wire frame and hundreds of little glass facets. It was about six or eight feet in diameter and it was destroyed by the arm during the course of the show. This was a mainstream sculptor who normally builds and sells his works, and he was positively thrilled by the idea that something that he'd get to build and spend a couple of weeks on was just going to get smashed up. He thought that was terrific. It's a weird sense of satisfaction, but we take satisfaction in knowing that we are the ones who do this. If we can't do it, nobody can. It's our job, right.

BF: There seems to be a move away from the flesh of dead animals as the focus of the more recent performances. Why is this?

JL: Well, for a lot of reasons. Have you checked out the price of cows' heads recently? (laughs) If you do that you'll get a good idea, but it's not just that. Although every time we call we're alarmed to find prices increasing as they are. We also don't want to be seen as one-trick ponies. We really try to further what we do. We aren't trying to do the same thing over and over again. That's why we're engaged in research, why we bring in new people all the time, and why we attempt to evolve new techniques.

BF: So you have a continual influx of new blood. (awful pun intended)

JL: Yeah. It isn't so much a conscious decision that we're going to move ourselves away from, and eventually eliminate, the use of the wetware. But it's just something that's happening. We sort of de-emphasize it because we don't want to just be known as the people who animate dead animals and hang up lamb carcasses and dismember them, and all this sort of thing. However we do want to continue to include them, because I think that there is a lot of legitimacy to the application of that stuff just for rattling the audience. It's there and it serves as a very effective reminder that you're not watching a Disney movie here. We're trying to convey a sense of discomfort and a sense of mortality to what's going on, and that is a surprisingly effective way of doing it.



Wetware

BF: Why?

JL: Why? It seems to be a natural reaction. People, at least in western civilization, don't really feel that comfortable with a bunch of skinned sheep heads around.

BF: Yes, but why do you want to provoke discomfort in the audience in the first place?

JL: Provoking discomfort provokes thought.

BF: That's what I thought. Even though you play down the "wetware" now, the machines themselves are still extremely biological. Do you model the machines around biological systems, and say: "Okay, now I'm going to make a dog with its back broken so it scrabbles around on the floor."?

JL: Not consciously. I don't think so. But our knowledge and familiar instincts for how biological mechanisms work certainly assist us in constructing the machines. We don't have to be consciously modelling them on anything in particular to make use of the knowledge in the background.

BF: Are you familiar with the philosophy of Dr. Hans Moravec? He predicts that within forty years he'll be able to download his consciousness into a machine that he's designed called a "bush robot". The man frightens me; he

wants to pull out his neurons one by one and download them into this incredible electronic sensor system. He sees it as the next phase of evolution, he believes it will allow him to deal with space travel, eco-chaos and related problems. Articles have appeared recently in both ***OMNI*** and ***Whole Earth Review***. Now it's an interesting idea, but I find it profoundly disturbing that he's so willing to shunt off his humanity.

JL: Well, he's obviously free to display that level of willingness when it's something that's not possible to do. You can talk all you want about how happy you would be to hop into a spacecraft and take a trip to Mars. However when faced with the actual prospect of doing it, should the opportunity become available to you, you might find yourself a little more reluctant when you realize what the possible ramifications of such an act are. Sure he's glib and saying, "Hey this is great! This is what I want to do." It's a really easy thing to say until you actually can do it.

BF: It often seems that everyone over, let's say 21, is inherently technophobic. People often find high technology, particularly computers, a very frightening thing. When confronted with a new technology that seems to be somehow beyond one's comprehension and/or control, (even a VCR remote), the natural response is either ignore it or flee from it.

JL: (laughing) Well I'm not really sure you're asking the right person to comment on this, because I do all my correspondence on an old Underwood. I loathe word processors. If I use a word processor I sure as hell will not use a spelling checker; that really offends me. This is really funny for me, 'Mr. High-tech', but I'll visit one of my wholesalers or suppliers here in Calgary and pick up a new part. Then I'll need a photocopy of the datasheets so they say, "No problem Jonathan, the photocopier's over in the corner there." Sheet in hand I walk over to the machine and stare blankly at it. Photocopiers leave me absolutely cold. The secretaries have to come running to my rescue. (laughs) So I don't think you can claim any sort of universality about discomfort on the part of people over a certain age to the onslaught of technology.

BF: I've noticed a proliferation of preschool computer classes. One of the main skills they're teaching these children is not so much specific languages, rather the kids learn to adapt to constant change as everything becomes obsolete. The ramifications of that are going to be astounding in twenty years. There may be a sharp cut-off point between people who can deal with change and all the rest of us.

JL: Well, that's one side of the argument. For me, as a professional and a practitioner in my field, I have to look at the other side of that. Sure you can be a big fan of the computer language of the month and you can be up on the latest, hippest algorithms for doing things. But it's possible to do that at the expense of becoming truly proficient with some methods that the people who feel they are on the cutting edge think are obsolete. You can do an alarming amount of stuff with yesterday's technology, and that's something that we obviously continue to prove at SRL. You don't have to have absolutely the latest, hottest, hippest technology that is available to you in order to work with extreme efficiency in any given medium. I think that's really important. These kids may have the ability to adapt to new languages in a matter of hours, but have they ever been forced to work with a particular language long enough to turn into an expert in the truest form? With older technology, there's a tremendous opportunity for chance and accident, and it can serve as a cornerstone for a lot of creative activity.

BF: Thanks for your time Jonathan.

JL: No problem, and when this thing gets written out, be sure to convey "a hello across the page boundary to Mr. Gibson from SRL."

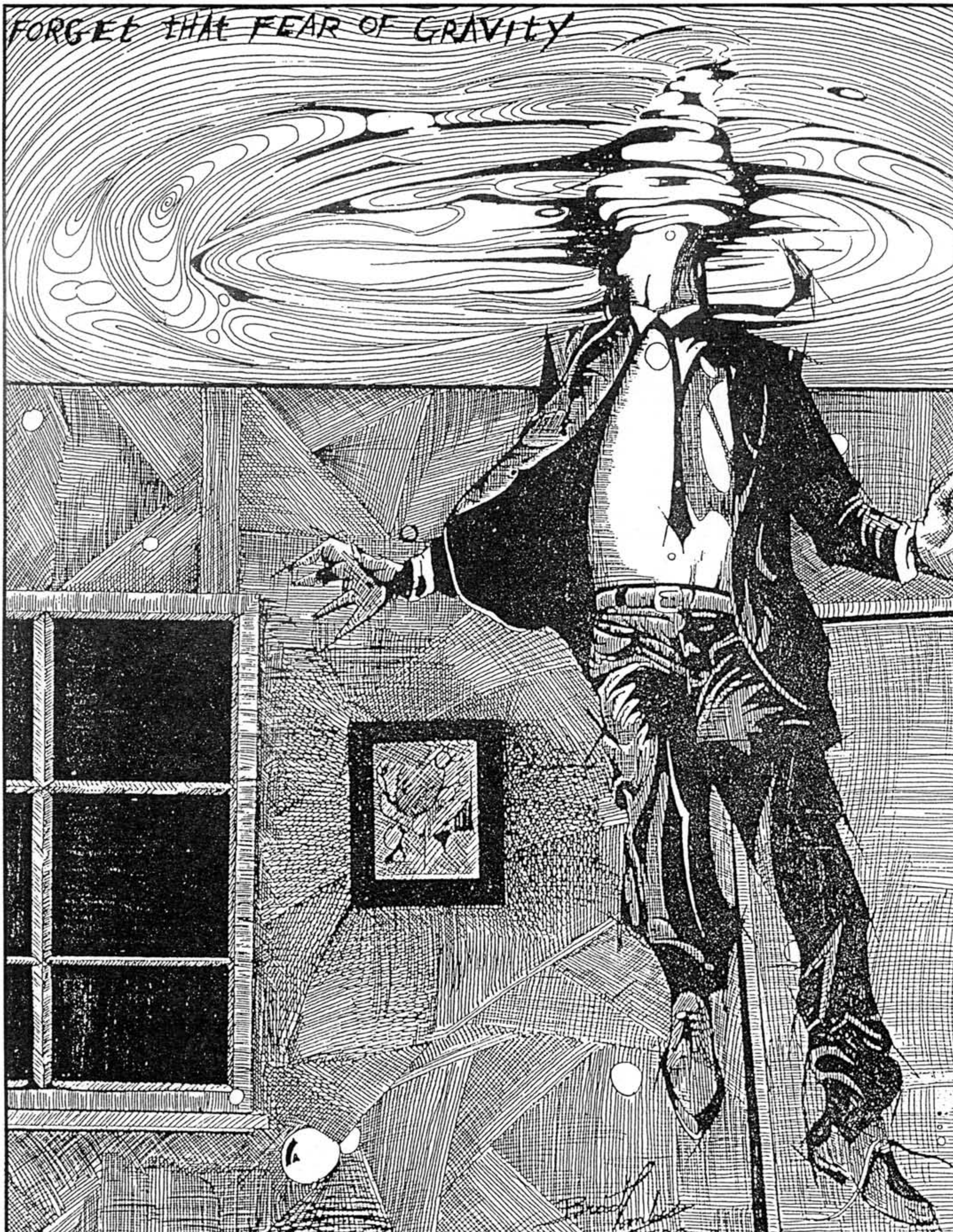


INCHWORM JAWS

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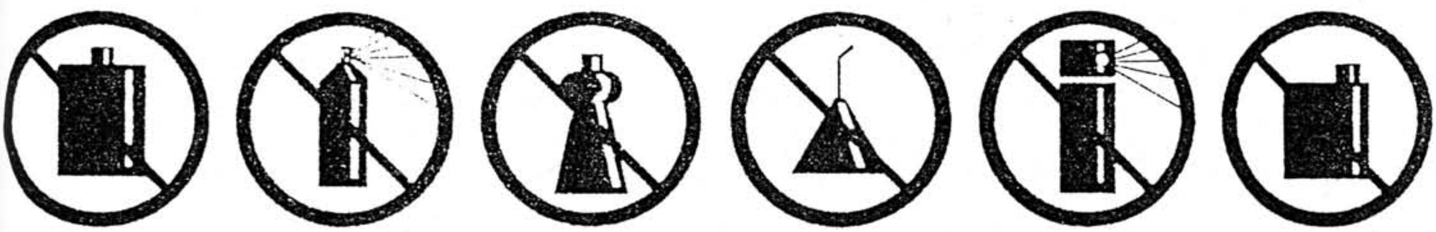
PHOTO CREDITS: TELEVISION STILLS FROM THE VIDEOTAPE "THE WILL TO PROVOKE" BY JONATHAN REISS, 1988. OPENING PHOTO FROM DAVID RINEHART, NEW YORK, MAY 1988.


FORGET THAT FEAR OF GRAVITY
1989

GREENPEACE

T O X I C S

Stepping Lightly on the Earth: Everyone's Guide to Toxics in the Home



Paint Thinners Bug Sprays Cleaners Solvents Aerosols Polishes

Most of us like to think that the widespread contamination of our groundwater, soil and air is entirely due to the irresponsibility of large industry. We refuse to accept the notion that in our own everyday lives we are contributing to the slow poisoning of the planet. But commonly used substances such as paint thinners, household pesticides, cleaners and solvents, and some aerosols produce hazardous waste. Our responsibility for them does not end at our curbside. Leaching out of municipal landfills into the groundwater, released into the air from garbage incinerators, or discharged from sewer systems into public waters, toxic waste comes back to haunt us.

Many of those same household products present a direct health hazard to you and your family. Most commercial polishes, for example, contain poisonous solvents that emit vapors. These products are often composed of the same toxic chemicals that industrial dumpers have used to pollute our land, air and water. The simple household pesticide you use to eliminate bugs in your garden is the same deadly poison which has given farm workers high rates of cancer. These persistent organic compounds are among the most deadly substances known.

Household toxics management programs in which citizens separate hazardous from non-hazardous wastes do not work. There is no safe way to dispose of toxic waste. The only long-term solution to keeping our water and air clean—and our homes safe—is REDUCTION. Householders, like industry, must learn to live without many of the "wonder" products invented in the last 50 years. But when we remember that these products are identical to the substances which poison our water and air, we can readily commit ourselves to making responsible choices.

This factsheet brings good news. There are alternatives to "household toxics". Some of these products are more time-consuming to prepare, but they're cheaper than commercial products, and more importantly, they represent an investment in the future health of the planet.

Household Cleaners and Polishes

When cleaning your home, keep in mind that you don't have to replace grease and dirt with dozens of chemicals dangerous to your family and the overall environment. Most of your household cleaning needs can be met with six simple ingredients: vinegar, soap, baking soda, washing soda, borax, and ammonia. Various combinations of these simple substances can accomplish most household cleaning jobs cheaply and safely.

Use caution with all cleaners. Even some non-toxic cleaners are unsafe for consumption.

All-Purpose Cleaner

Mild Mixture: 1 gallon (4 L) hot water
¼ C (50 ml) sudsy ammonia
¼ C (50 ml) vinegar
1 T (115ml) baking soda

This solution is safe for all surfaces, can be rinsed with water, and is very effective for most jobs. For a stronger cleaner or wax stripper, double the amounts of all ingredients except water. Use gloves, and do not mix with other compounds, especially chlorine bleach. (Never mix ammonia and bleach: an extremely toxic gas is produced.)

Laundry

In the 1960s concern about phosphates in detergents led to legislated reduction in some areas to protect our lakes and streams. But detergent related problems persist because of the sheer volume of cleansers used by North Americans.

The best alternative for cleaning your clothes is, naturally enough, soap. Despite the advantages of detergents, (the dictionary defines soap as "a biodegradable cleansing and emulsifying agent made by action of alkali on fat or fatty acids and consisting essentially of sodium or potassium salts of such acids' and detergent as "any of numerous nonbiodegradable *synthetic* water-soluble or liquid organic preparations that are chemically different from soaps, but are able to emulsify oils, hold dirt in suspension, and act as wetting agents") soap has accomplished the task of getting garments white and bright for generations.

Try this recipe:

Add ⅓ C (80 ml) washing soda (sodium carbonate) to water as machine is filling. Add clothes. Add 1½ C (375 ml) of soap. If the water is hard, add ¼ C (50 ml) soda or ¼ C (50 ml) vinegar during the first rinse.

Detergents leave a residue on fabrics that must be removed with softeners. If you have been using detergents in your laundry, it is advisable to get rid of the detergent film. To prevent yellowing, run your laundry through the washer with ⅓ C (80 ml) washing soda before you convert to soap.

There are alternatives to enzyme pre-soaks and bleach for tough stains, too. Test each of the following remedies on your fabric first. If it starts to discolor, neutralize the cleaning agent immediately. Acids (lemon juice and vinegar) neutralize alkalies (baking soda and ammonia), and alkalies neutralize acids. Wash after application.

HEAVY SOILS: Rub with solution of 2 T (30 ml) washing soda in 1 C (250 ml) warm water.

SOILED DIAPERS: Presoak in 3 T (45 ml) baking soda dissolved in warm water in either tub or washing machine.

FRUIT AND WINE: Immediately pour salt or hot water on the stain and soak in milk before washing.

GREASE: Pour boiling water on stains and follow with dry baking soda. Or try ammonia and water.

INK: Soak in milk or remove with hydrogen peroxide.

BLOOD: Soak in cold water or remove with hydrogen peroxide. For a more stubborn stain, mix cornstarch, talcum powder, or cornmeal with water and apply the mixture. Allow to dry and brush away.

COFFEE: Mix egg yolk with luke-warm water and rub on stain.

CHEWING GUM: Rub with ice. Gum will flake off.

LIPSTICK: Rub with cold cream or shortening and wash with washing soda.

RUST: Saturate with sour milk (or lemon juice) and rub with salt. Place in direct sunlight until dry, then wash.

MILDEW: Pour strong soap and salt on the spots and place in sunlight. Keep the spots moist, and repeat as often as necessary.

SCORCHES: Boil scorched article in 1 C (250 ml) soap and 2 quarts (liters) milk.

Carpets

To fully clean and deodorize carpets, mix 2 parts cornmeal with 1 part borax. Sprinkle liberally, leave one hour, then vacuum. For tougher stains, repeatedly blot with vinegar in soapy water. For red wine spills, blot with white wine and warm, soapy water. Quick deodorizing is easy if you sprinkle the carpet with baking soda, then vacuum.

Polishing Metals

COPPER: Lemon juice and salt, or hot vinegar and salt.

CHROME: Rubbing alcohol, or a small amount of ammonia with hot water. Also try white flour in a dry rag.

BRASS: Equal parts salt and flour, with a little vinegar.

SILVER: Bring to boil in a large pan: 1 quart (1 litre) water; 1 T (15 ml) salt; 1 T (15 ml) baking soda. Drop in silver, boil for 3 minutes, and polish with a soft cloth. Or, polish with a paste of wood ash and water.

Ovens

Combine strong version of all-purpose cleaner with baking soda: wear gloves when scrubbing. An easier oven cleaner is ammonia: Place about ¼ C (50 ml) in a shallow pan (not aluminum), and add enough water to cover the bottom of the pan. Heat oven for 20 minutes, turn off, and place pan in oven overnight. Baked-on foods will be loosened, and the oven can be cleaned with baking soda and scrubbing.

Drains

Your drains can be kept open, clean, and odor-free without the use of corrosive drain cleaners. Two simple rules: Never pour liquid grease down a drain, and always use the drain sieve. In addition, use this

preventive measure for drains once a week: Mix 1 C (250 ml) baking soda, 1 C (250 ml) salt, and ¼ C (50 ml) cream of tartar. Pour ¼ C of this mixture into drain. Follow with a pot of boiling water, and flush with cold water. Done once a week, your drain should remain open and odor-free.

In the event a drain becomes clogged, pour in ¼ C (50 ml) baking soda followed by ½ C (125 ml) vinegar, close the drain until the fizzing stops, and flush with boiling water. As a last resource, use a plumber's snake, available at most hardware stores, but be aware it can damage pipes.

Tub and Tile

Most commercial tile cleaners do more harm than good because many contain chlorine, a serious irritant to eyes, nose and skin, and one of the most dangerous chemicals found in municipal sewers. For bathroom cleaning, use a firm-bristled brush with either baking soda and hot water or the mild all-purpose cleaner.

Dishes

Set aside your dish detergent, and dissolve soap flakes in hot water. Add some vinegar to the water for tough grease.

Polishes

Most store-bought polishes contain solvents that are released into the air. Aerosol sprays are wasteful, and many contain gases harmful to the environment.

FURNITURE POLISH: Dissolve 1 t (5 ml) lemon oil in 1 pint (4/5 ml) mineral oil. Apply with a rag.

POLISHING CLOTH: Melt ¼ C (50 ml) paraffin (wax) and ¼ C (50 ml) vinegar together in a double boiler. Soak a dusting rag in the mixture for ½ hour, then squeeze and hang to dry.

FLOOR POLISH: Melt 1/8 C (25 ml) paraffin in a double boiler. Add 1 quart (1 L) mineral oil and a few drops of lemon essence. Apply with a rag, allow to dry, and polish.

Mirrors, Glass and Windows

Wash with simple soap and water; rinse with a solution of 1 part vinegar to 4 parts water. Or use a spray bottle and a mixture of ½ C (120 ml) ammonia, 1/8 C (25 ml) vinegar, and a quart (1 L) of very warm water (the warmer the water, the faster the evaporation). Use washable, reusable cheese cloth rather than paper towels or dry with loosely crumpled sheets of newspaper.

Air Fresheners

Commercial air fresheners work by masking smells, coating nasal passages and deadening nerves to chemically alter odors and diminish the sense of smell. Avoid these products. Grow house plants, which are an excellent source for air purification. Baking soda in you refrigerator or garbage can help reduce odors at their source.

Controlling Garden Pests

Find out which non-chemical fertilizers aid in controlling bugs, and how to fortify your plants with proper soil care. Pesticides carry the suffix "-cides," which means "killer." Natural pesticides are cheaper and safer for your family and are usually "pest-specific".

Learn to promote the population of beneficial pests such as lady bird beetles, bees, fly larvae, lace-wing larvae (aphid lions), praying mantis, dragon flies, predacious mites and thrips, spiders, toads, garter snakes, and birds. Investigate "companion planting," which can provide a natural barrier to bugs.

Outdoor Pests

The following methods will assist in healthy gardening:

HANDPICKING is time-consuming but unbeatable. Use gloves, and remove all visible offending pests.

SPRAYING—on foliage:

TOBACCO WATER: Place a large handful of tobacco into 4 quarts (4 L) of warm water. Let stand for 24 hours. Dilute and apply with a spray bottle. This tobacco water is poisonous to humans—use caution when handling.

HOT PEPPERS: Blend 2 or 3 very hot peppers, ½ onion and 1 clove garlic in water, boil, steep for two days, and strain. This spray will not damage indoor or outdoor plants and can be frozen for future use.

GARLIC: Mix 4 Q (4 L) water, 2 T (30 ml) garlic juice (do not use garlic powder, as it will burn the plants), 32 grams of diatomaceous earth (see below), and 1 t (5 ml) rubbling alcohol. Can be frozen for later use.

SOAP: Use only pure soap, as detergents will damage your plants. Liquid soaps: 2 T (30 ml) per quart (litre) of water. Dry soaps: 50 grams per quart (litre) of water.

Barriers

COLLARS: To stop hatching larvae from burrowing into the soil surrounding your plants, use "collars" made of stiff paper, heavy plastic or tar paper. Cut a piece a foot square and fit snugly around the stem of the plant on top of the soil. Use a paper clip to hold it in place.

NETTING: Fine netting such as cheese cloth, placed over the bed, will protect seedlings from chewing insects, keep cats and birds away, and prevent flying insects from laying eggs.

Please contact the organizations listed for more information. Greenpeace strongly recommends that gardeners make full use of modern organic methods.

Formulated, bio-degradable pest-control substances are commercially available. For example:

PYRETHRUM DUST: Very effective against soft-bodied insects such as caterpillars, with a low toxicity to mammals. Avoid inhaling.

DIATOMACEOUS EARTH: made from the skeletons of tiny organisms, this dust controls pests by causing dehydration and death. Can be used indoors and out. Please follow manufacturer's instructions carefully.

INSECTICIDAL SOAP: This soap is available in gardening, hardware, and drug stores.

Controlling Indoor Pests

ANTS: Locate the place of entry, squeeze a lemon onto it and leave the peel. Ants will also retreat from lines of talcum powder, chalk, damp coffee grounds, bone meal, charcoal dust and cayenne pepper.

COCKROACHES: Plug all small cracks along baseboards, wall shelves, and cupboards, and around pipes, sinks, and bathtub fixtures. A light dust of borax around the fridge, stove and ductwork is effective in controlling cockroaches. For a trap, lightly grease the inner neck of a milk bottle and put a little stale beer or a raw potato in it.

FRUIT FLIES: Pour a small amount of beer into a wide-mouth jar. Cut the corner out of a plastic bag and attach the bag to the jar with a rubber band. Flies will enter and be trapped. Change the beer when necessary.

FLIES: Sunny windows are flies' most common entrance into your home, so close windows before the sun hits them. Use regular sticky flypaper to catch unwelcome flying guests. You can make your own with honey and yellow paper.

MOTHS: Keep vulnerable clothes dry and well aired. Camphor can be used, as it is the major, non-toxic ingredient of moth balls. To trap moths, mix 1 part molasses with 2 parts vinegar and place it in a yellow container. Clean regularly.

HOUSE PLANT PESTS: Hot-pepper spray will also help to control pests on the leaves. And don't forget soap and water, but be sure to rinse the plants with fresh water afterwards.

SILVERFISH: Traps can be made with a mixture of 1 part molasses to 2 parts vinegar. Place near cracks and holes where pests live. Silverfish can be repelled by treating baseboards, table legs, and cracks in cupboards with a mixture of borax and sugar (or honey).

SPIDERS: Under ideal conditions, do not destroy spiders because they help control pests.

STORED FOOD PESTS: Keep mites and moths out of your staples by drying the food in a warm oven (70 F, 20 C) for one hour or by freezing for 2–3 days. Always store foods in air tight containers. Weevils' favorite foods are beans and grains; to keep them away, hang small cloth sacks of black pepper in your food bins or around your food storage area. A few soapberries per bushel of stored wheat will also drive out weevils.

TICKS and FLEAS: If your pets are infested, wash them well with soap and warm water, dry them thoroughly, and use this herbal rinse: Add ½ C (125 ml) of fresh or dried rosemary to a quart (litre) of boiling water. Steep 20 minutes, strain, and allow to cool. Spray or sponge evenly onto pet and allow to air dry. Do not towel down, as this will remove the residue. Make sure pets are dry before letting them outside.

GREENPEACE has compiled the information contained in this factsheet from a variety of sources and can assume no responsibility for the effectiveness of the suggestions. Caution is urged in the use of the cleaning solutions and pest-control substances. **Keep them out of the reach of children.** For further and more detailed information, visit your library or write to the following organizations:

CENTER FOR ECOLOGICAL EATING EDUCATION
1377 K Street, NW, Suite 629
Washington, DC 20005
202 483-2616
Service: Answer inquiries

CITIZENS FOR A BETTER ENVIRONMENT
33 East Congress Street, Suite 523
Chicago, IL 60605
312-939-1530
Publication: "Environmental Review Quarterly"
Service: Provide factsheets

INTERNATIONAL ALLIANCE FOR SUSTAINABLE AGRICULTURE
1701 University Avenue, SE, Room 202
Minneapolis, MN 55414
612 331-1099
Publication: "Manna" (bimonthly)
Services: Answer inquiries about gardening methods

NATIONAL COALITION AGAINST THE MISUSE OF PESTICIDES
530 7th Street, SE
Washington, DC 20003
202 543-5450
Publications: "Pesticides and You"
"Technical Report"
Services: Answer inquiries, provide factsheets

NATURAL FOOD ASSOCIATES
P.O. Box 210
Atlanta, TX 75551
214 796-3612
Publication: "Natural Food and Farming"
Service: Answer inquiries

Some Greenpeacers canvassed a friend's house and our friend asked if we could print the stuff they gave him. They said, "Sure," and stayed to drink beer and we're supporting Greenpeace.

Ozone Depletion

The earth's ozone layer is being destroyed. The depletion of the ozone layer will result in skin cancers, eye damage and crop destruction as increasing amounts of ultraviolet radiation from the sun reach the earth's surface.

Already, British scientists and NASA have identified a hole in the Ozone Layer over Antarctica and a thin area over the Northern Hemisphere. The destruction is caused by chlorine and bromine released into the stratosphere by a group of chemical compounds known as chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) and halons.

Alarmed by the rapid depletion of the ozone layer more than 40 western nations signed the 1987 Montréal Protocol which calls for a 50% reduction in CFC emissions by 1999.

But will the action announced with great fanfare be enough to save the Ozone Layer?

Greenpeace says NO!

Scientist Joe Farman says NO!

The United States Environmental Protection Agency says NO!

"A 50% cut in world consumption of CFCs will not be enough to save the ozone layer" said Joe Farman in *The New Scientist* November 1987. Farman, a member of the British Antarctic Survey, is credited with identifying the hole in the ozone layer.

In 1988 the EPA said just to maintain stratospheric chlorine at current levels would require a 100% phaseout of CFCs with 100% participation.

There must be an immediate 100% reduction of CFC production.

Smoke & Mirrors

Although Canada signed the Montréal Protocol and recently announced a speed-up of the program, which it says will eliminate 85% of CFC emissions by 1999, the Canadian commitment to elimnating CFCs is suspect.

Canada is only now implementing the cut-backs agreed to in Montréal in 1987. Regulations for the 85% cutback are not expected for another year or more.

What are CFCs used for?

Canada produces 20,000 tonnes of CFC a year or about 2% of the world production. The manufacturers are Dupont in Maitland, Ontario and Allied Signal in Amherstburg, Ontario.

CFC and Halon are generic terms used to describe groups of long-lasting manufactured chemicals that release chlorine and bromine. Used in refrigeration and air conditioning, they are often referred to as "freon", which is actually a Dupont trade name.

The list of their uses includes: refrigeration, foam packaging, air conditioning, cleaning solvents and foam insulation.



Some of these uses are completely unnecessary, such as foam packaging, and for the rest, alternative compounds or technologies are either readily available or are being rapidly developed.

The major source of halon release is from testing fire fighting equipment. Halons are used in extinguishers for fighting fires in computer rooms, libraries, military tanks and other areas where water or other chemicals would increase the damage from a fire. Changing test procedures could prevent most releases, and alternatives are under development.

The Problem

Ozone (O_3) is a pungent bluish gas with the important ability to absorb ultravio-



PHOTOGRAPH - Greenpeace Vennemann

Greenpeace Germany begins the recycling of CFCs. Dumptruck loads of abandoned refrigerators were returned to Hoechst -- the German manufacturer of CFCs for refrigerator coolant -- along with Greenpeace demands to stop production and start recycling of the ozone destroying chemical.

let light as it enters the earth's atmosphere.

Ozone is broken down by ultraviolet light, but in the presence of pollutants such as chlorine and bromine the process is highly accelerated. The chlorine molecule in CFCs is liberated in the chemical process and has the ability to destroy thousands of ozone molecules. The bromine molecule has an even greater potential to destroy ozone.

Although the ozone layer extends from 15 to 40 kilometres, it is actually quite thin and fragile. At its highest concentration ozone is only 1 in 100,000 molecules. If the ozone were compressed around the surface of the earth it would be only 3 millimetres thick.

In 1979, because of growing concern over the impact of CFCs on the ozone layer, Canada joined the United States, Sweden, Finland, Norway and Switzerland in banning CFC in aerosols.

The aerosol ban caused a drop in CFC production levels, but new uses for CFC compounds were found and production has now overtaken the late 1970s.

Holes in the Ozone

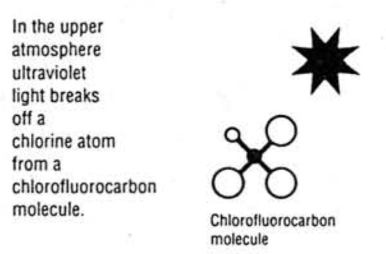
In 1982 the British Antarctic Survey (BAS) detected a fall in the concentration of ozone over the South Pole. The results were so unexpected that the BAS checked and rechecked the findings. However, in October 1984 they reported a hole over Antarctica showing a 30% reduction in ozone.

The NASA satellite monitoring the area also noted a reduction in ozone, but the computer had discounted the data automatically because it was not considered credible. Levels of ozone had dropped so dramatically the computer did not believe its own sensors.

Specially equipped NASA U2 flights in 1987 confirmed the presence of a hole the size of the United States and the height of Mount Everest. As much as 97.5% of the ozone was missing at certain altitudes. Large concentrations of chlorine monoxide were also found, proving CFCs were the cause of the ozone depletion.

In March of 1986, Environment Canada scientists observed a large thin area in the ozone layer over the Arctic which lasted at least six weeks in March and April of 1986. The Arctic thin area, unlike the Antarctic hole, which remains relatively stationary, was tracked moving from Northern Europe to Northern Canada. It appears to be following the cold polar winds. It is about one third the size of the Antarctic hole. The devastation of the the ozone layer will worsen until CFC use is phased out entirely.

How Ozone is Destroyed



What can you do to help?

As an individual you can demand CFC free insulation, food packaging, refrigerators and air conditioners. The marketplace will react to consumer demand.

Write or phone Federal Environment Minister Lucien Bouchard and demand all products containing CFCs or manufactured with CFC be banned immediately! The evidence is clear we need a 100% cut in CFCs now!

Greenpeace Demands

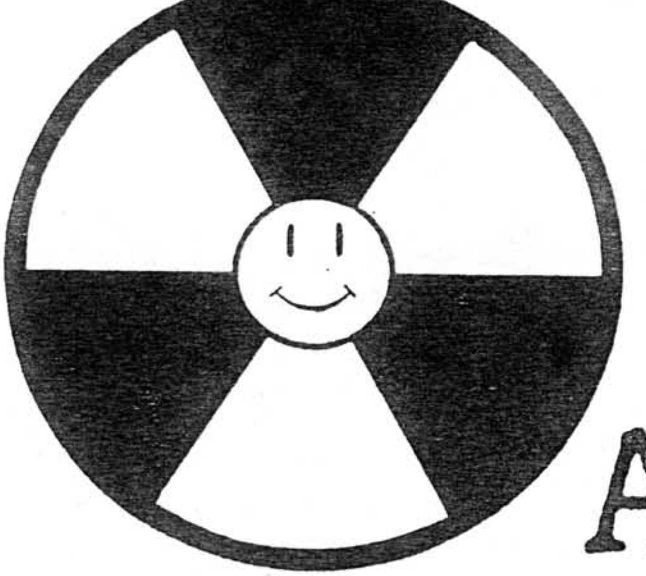
- **Greenpeace** is calling for an immedate 100% cut in CFC production.
- **Greenpeace** demands the immediate creation of recycling facilities to service exisiting refrigeration devices while new technology is introduced.
- **Greenpeace** demands a switch to alternative products for food packaging, cleaning agents and insulation.

Greenpeace
Founded in Canada, 1971
Fondé au Canada, 1971

Vancouver
2623 West 4th Avenue
Vancouver, B.C.
Canada V6K 1P8
✆ 604 736-0321
FAX 604 736-3878

Toronto
578 Bloor Street West
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M6G 1K1
✆ 416 538-6470
FAX 416 538-6479

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SMALL TOWN APATHY

Apocabilly (e'pac'ebili) Music from the ruins - irradiated R&B, slightly mutated but still smiling. The cool sound from a time when the craters of suburban shopping mall glow&smoulder, and dance "hotspots" aren't as much fun as they used to be.

. . . Into this cultural void leaps Small Town Apathy, with an array of sounds both found and contrived, to deliver their particular brand of R&B to anyone who'll listen.

POST-NUCLEAR MUSIC FOR A POST-NUCLEAR WORLD!

SMALL TOWN APATHY

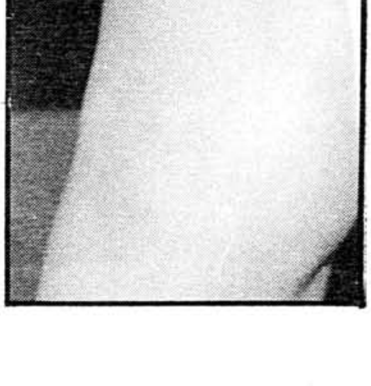
is...

MARK NIXON: the Instrument, drums, other percussion, harmonica, effects, guitar, vocals.

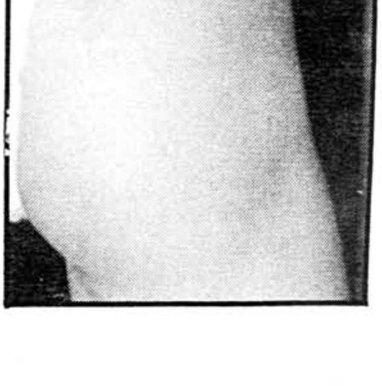
YASSIN BOGA: guitar, keyboards, effects, vocals, percussion.

GEORGES GIGUERE: bass, guitar, keyboards, effects, percussion, vocals.

For further info contact:
S.T.A.N.
c/o Virus 23
Box 46
Red Deer, Alberta.
T4N 5E7







An Edmonton-based neuro-technology manufacturer asks the question:

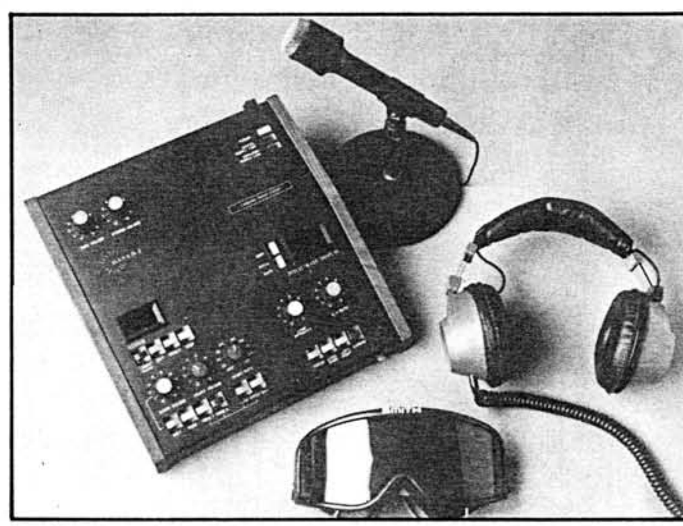
Will brain machines replace drugs in the future of medicine?

By Belinda Atkinson



While the medical community shakes its collective head at the utter lunacy of some of the 'New Age belief' systems, like the healing powers of crystals and pyramids, it's getting harder and harder to dismiss some of the gadgetry that floats out of the karmic melting pot.

Flotation tanks were all the rage a few years ago, and doctors quickly belittled the device as it became a fad, however they later discovered that the therapeutic applications were almost endless.



Now, an Edmonton tele-communications technologist hopes his electronic devices- which some have found to be the perfect catalyst for past-life regression- will find a degree of credibility among the local medical community, rather than being lost to the fickle marketplace.

Dave Siever currently sells his machines- the D.A.V.I.D. 1, the D.A.V.I.D. Jr., and the Transcutaneous Electro-Neural Stimulator (TENS)- to promote feelings of euphoria, reverie, to improve memory and creativity, and recall past experiences (perhaps even past lives).

The founder of Comptronic Devices Ltd. says some users hallucinate, and most reach a state of relaxation as deep as a practiced meditator. "You can experience stuff far wilder than a good acid trip any day," he boasts, "the machines are far more colourful and there's none of the strangeness attached with drugs, such as feeling uneasy, paranoid or weird. When your subconscious starts popping open, you can start seeing all sorts of childhood pictures: memories from childhood days." Siever says, "Me, I get a lot of cartoon characters."

But Siever stresses that the possible applications go far beyond 'mind games'. He's hoping his devices will someday make painkillers, muscle relaxants and hypno-therapy obsolete.

They utilize a process similar to that acquired during meditation. The user is able to shut out all unwanted visual and auditory stimulation by hooking glasses and earphones into the machines. But says Siever, while meditation can take five or ten years to perfect, his machines electronically catapults the user into a deep state of relaxation in twenty minutes. The secret is "whole brain integration", a state of mind which is essentially un-obtainable in everyday life.

Beta waves are particularly active when one is alert and using the brain's left (more logical and linear) hemisphere for routine problem solving. The slower alpha waves predominate when an individual is writing a poem, or accomplishing any creative activity, and the right hemisphere takes over.

However, pulsating lights and music alter the brain waves by entrainment, and your mind 'sings along' with the beat. The forebrain, limbic system and right and left hemispheres become synchronized and exercised at the same time. Meanwhile, the beta waves slow, and alpha and theta waves kick in to reduce the heart rate and respiration.

Siever says the machines are already very popular in Europe and the United States. A clinic in New York even gives the homeless "Synchro-Energizer" brain machine treatments free-of-charge.

Michael Hutchison has written a book called *Mega Brain* (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) in which he outlines his experiences with a variety of mind machines, and it serves as a consumer guide for the more experimental shopper.

But Siever says it will be some time, and much research,

later before his devices become well-known by the Canadian medical community. However, he says that those who've studied the technology at the University of Alberta have given him positive feedback, and a few dentists and psychologists in Edmonton have bought his machines for their private practices.

Dr. Norman Thomas, an oral pathologist, uses the TENS and D.A.V.I.D. 1 to relax his patients who suffer from chronic pain. "[The TENS] has been very effective in producing muscle relaxation," he says, "I use it perhaps half-a-dozen times a day." He prefers the milder TENS with a local anaesthetic, but says that the stronger D.A.V.I.D. 1 could mask patients' pain without the use of drugs. "I think those who are on the forefront of pain control are using them," he says.

Dr. Fred Boersma, a University of Alberta professor and psychologist, also uses the D.A.V.I.D. 1 for pain management, and to promote sleep. He said a patient who was suffering from severe back pain, and was highly suicidal, found a lot of relief using Siever's machine. "He was so depressed, and the pain was so great that he was afraid he was going to hit his wife. The machines give [my patients] a lot more control, and they aren't as drug dependent." Some of Boersma's clients have even seen images from what they can only describe as past lives. He can't explain these occurrences, but he accepts them as something the patients feel they need to believe. As he says, "I have to respect the incredible power of the mind."

Siever is hoping the doctor's findings will eventually enable him to market the machines in hospitals as well as private practices. He says there is mounting evidence that brain therapy would be useful in reducing delinquency and the need for marriage counselling. Meanwhile, he is involved in industrial electronics to offset the unsteady brain machine market. And even if it does take a while for the establishment to adopt his devices he can always sell them to a marketplace hungry for instant enlightenment.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT

Comptronic Devices Limited
2113 - 85th Street,
EDMONTON, ALBERTA T6K 2G1
(403) 450-3729

How did we get here?

It's a weird time to be alive. The 80's were the strangest decade in history. We have ozone holes, the greenhouse effect, the sex = death modern mating equation, the 'death' of communism, David Suzuki gives us ten years to completely change the way we live or everything dies (except the cockroaches), the global swing to the political and moral right, televangelists, people who are stupid enough to give money to Jim and Tammy Bakker, a cancerous rotten old actor in charge of the stupidest country in the world, crack wars, the proliferation of personal communication technology, we almost had cold fusion this spring, and the whole planet kicks and screams into the black pit of oblivion. I thought I'd seen it all, then aliens landed in a Russian city. Right downtown. They stand three or four metres tall and have three eyes. We believe it. It's 'anything can happen day', everyday. A toast to the nineties, for they promise to be even weirder. What is there to do now but document it?

So we were sitting around one day talking about how few cool magazines there are (we think). So, it was the standard "yap, yap, yap, bitch, bitch, bitch." And somebody said, "Hey what right do we have to grumble?" Somebody else said, "None at all." Somebody else said, "Hey guys, let's do a fanzine!" and we all went, "Yeah, okay, why not?"

For the next few hours we had grandiose dreams about our future as publishers. Then we came up with a title we all liked, then somebody went, "That's such a great title! It's going to be tough to live up to it." And somebody went, "Yeah true, but who cares, you know?" And somebody goes, "Let's make it Issue 0, it'll be a test-run to see if it's possible for us to do it."

Then we got very very lucky, and met all kinds of great people. Then we nearly collapsed from the pressure of the thing, because we were so committed. But we did it. Here it is. If it wastes half-an-hour of your time then we win. We're all just very happy that it's finally done. If the energies feel right, there may be more. If not at least we earned the right to bitch and complain to each other.



"Untitled" by Simon Williams

We would also like to thank everyone who helped in any way. It may be a hackneyed sentiment but we got a lot of help from a lot of people, without which this thing would not exist.- **Paul, Jack and Bruce.**

Maddox on Gibson

By Tom Maddox

Bill Gibson has been masquerading as a Canadian writer for some time now, carrying out his own version of Stephen Daedalus's "silence, exile, and cunning"; but to figure the man at all, you've got to know he was born in Virginia and grew up in an America as disturbing and surreal as anything J. G. Ballard ever dreamed.

Forget television evangelism, Reagan conservatism, or any such pallid stuff. Gibson lived in a region where people looked on someone from ten miles away as a member of another tribe and anyone from another state as a dangerous alien. Think hardshell Baptists (they won't fuck standing up; someone might see them and think they're dancing), "Colored" drinking fountains and the word "Jew" used almost exclusively as a verb. Those days the South could put the Fear into you without even trying.

As you might expect, growing up in this world put some vigorous spin on the Gibson psyche. There on native ground were outlets for such energies; rock-and-roll, crime, preaching and, of course, the good old rural standby of going flat-out crazy. And there was getting the hell away from it all and dealing with it later, which Gibson did.

We flash forward a long time here, past the sixties and the seventies. During these times the Gibson *Bildungsroman* happens, on sets as various as Georgetown, the Mediterranean, California, Canada- and if he wants to tell about that, he will, somewhere, somewhen...

In the early eighties, when Bill and I first met, we discovered a mutual regard for a number of writers, including Thomas Pynchon, William Burroughs, Hunter Thompson, John le Carré, Raymond Chandler- high-wire artists of obsession and extremity. Given the literary currents that have passed through sf in the intervening years, you might say *sure* , but at the time we were both amazed that anyone trying to write sf had even heard of these folks. All that's been said about some possible "Movement" aside, there is a sort of bond among writers who take their measures of literary possibility and style from contemporary work done *outside* sf.

Bill was in full flight as a writer by this time, and he sent me a packet of stories: "Fragments of a Hologram Rose," "The Gernsback Continuum," "The Belonging Kind," "The Nazi Lawn Dwarf Murders," "Johnny Mnemonic," and an early draft of "Hinterlands." An amazing set of words to have someone lay on you, a trip through the emerging Gibson universe at very quick acceleration - that high-impact prose coming on all at once. I hadn't been paying attention to sf for a long time, and I thought, my god, is this what's been going on? Of course, it would be, though, and soon.

Omni published "Johnny Mnemonic," "Hinterlands" and "Burning Chrome" in fairly quick succession to acclaim-good reviews, award nominations, and the like.

Then *Neuromancer* was published. What a number, now and then, amazing both for what it is and what it triggered, a real-life "Russian program" up and running; still running right now, generating events weird and wonderful...

Of course *Neuromancer* got a Nebula and a Hugo, among other awards and recognitions- nice work for a first novel; in fact, one of the best moves ever off the line in sf. But this is only part of a story that got better and better. Outside the genre, where people routinely and unthinkingly equate science fiction with "sci-fi" and *Star Wars* and don't take any of it seriously, Gibson's work has generated unprecedented heat.

Gibson is tuned to the Matrix - the one around us, that sings with information and energy

Articles have appeared just about everywhere. Stewart Brand lauded *Neuromancer* in the ***San Francisco Chronicle*** and ***Whole Earth Review***. William Burroughs said in *Esquire* that *Neuromancer* was his favorite novel of the year. ***Rolling Stone, Interview*** and ***The Face*** ran features on Gibson; computer trade magazines such as ***PC World*** and ***PC Computing*** reviewed the books. At MIT, graduate work in computer science was done based on cyberspace and ICE. From Autodesk (a Silicon Valley company specializing in CAD/CAM software) came papers on "virtual realities" citing Gibson at length and using cyberspace as a model.

One sub-loop after another, the Russian Program running: Hollywood came calling. Wanting to buy books and stories, wanting Gibson to write scripts. Think before you leap; this is serious business, serious lunacy: a trip into the great pulsating wormhole at the centre of the media cosmos, a very testing environment shall we say...

But Gibson lives in Vancouver with his wife and children, and he babysits when he has to and answers his own phone and continues to write books, and sure he signed up for some of this movie action- *wouldn't you?* - but life goes on. As with the Lost Years, he'll tell you what he wants to about all that, or what he can.

And somewhere in here Bruce Sterling (among others) got into the act, talking things up in *Cheap Truth* and using Gibson's work as the spearpoint of his own sometimes despairing and sometimes triumphant guerrilla raid on sf. Don't blame it on Bruce, but in the wake of *Neuromancer*'s success, standard sf ghetto dwellers,writers and readers alike, started screeching a harpy chorus. Through teeth clenched in fury and envy, they said Gibson's work is all "surface" or "flash," "never passes from ugly to ennobling" (that's from Orson Scott Card, sf's most malign visitation on contemporary criticism).

None of this is Bill's problem, and he's never treated it as such. He doesn't justify his work or defend it; he continues

to produce it. Out of that strange Virginia of old-time religion and racism came something alien: Bill became an artist- skin to bone, absolute.

Gibson is tuned to the Matrix- the one around us, that sings with information and energy- and he pays very close attention to what's happening in that semiotic space. He looks and listens like a thief, and he takes what he finds and reconstructs it in words, detail by detail, image by image. He doesn't have theories, and he's not extrapolating from what he thinks he knows about technology and science; he's reading signs and listening to the voices...

Because voices are important here, of a kind, though Bill doesn't do dialect, and he's not after the exact cadences of ordinary speech. Not long ago we were talking on the phone, and Bill had Emmylou Harris's new album playing in the background, repeating over and over on CD, country with lots of blues notes and high aching harmonies, music that strikes deeply for both of us, reactivating all those dormant Southern molecules. We talked about other music we'd heard

Gibson lived in a region where people looked on someone from 10 miles away as a member of another tribe.

and liked lately: Lou Reed's ***New York*** album, especially the song "Romeo and Juliet," the Cowboy Junkies doing Patsy Cline's "Walking after Midnight," Leonard Cohen doing "Tower of Song."

The voices of authentic experience, gifted with beauty and intensity grown in pain: those are the important ones to Bill (and to many of us). And among them now, high up in the Tower, is Gibson's own, which I think is the point of this story.

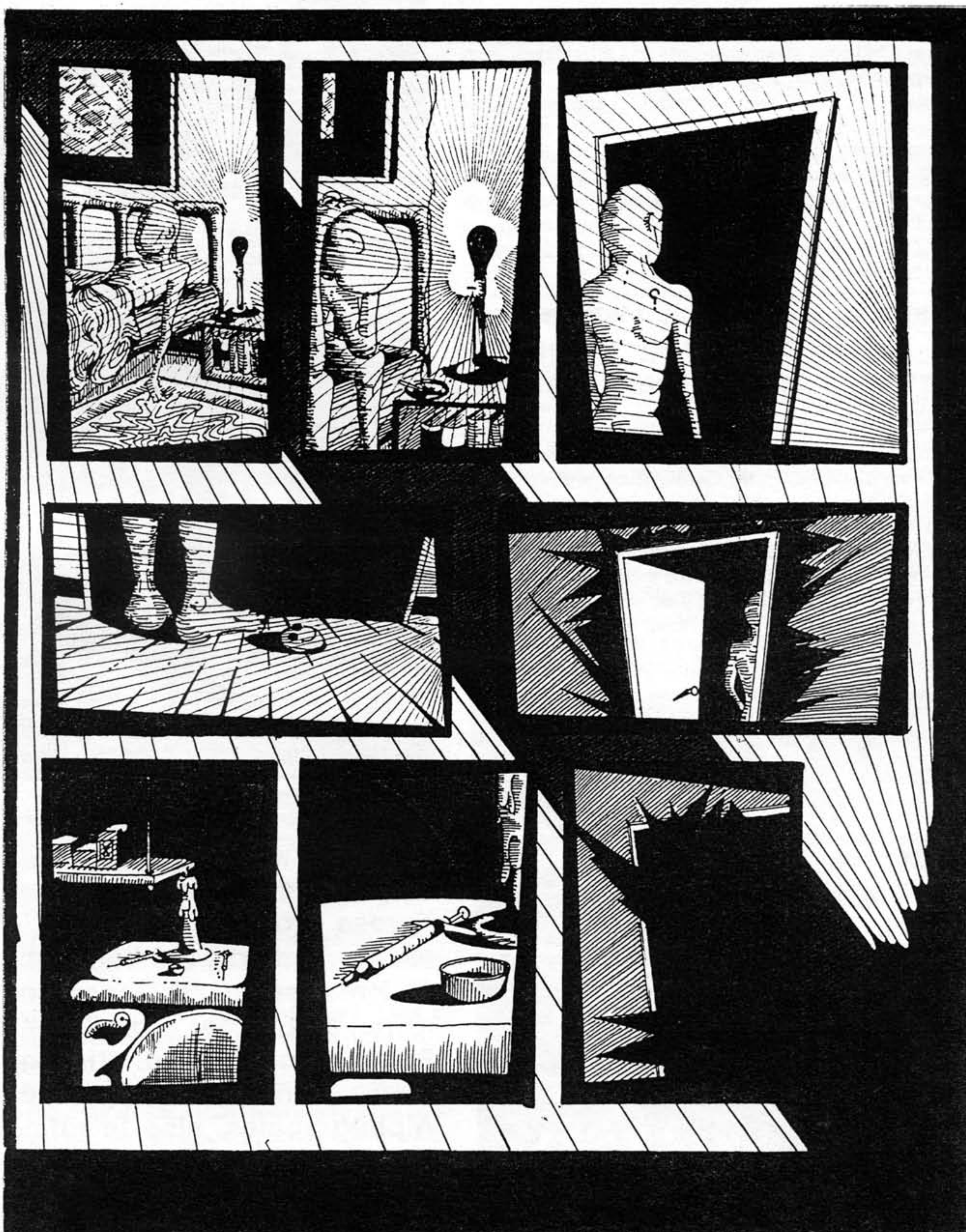


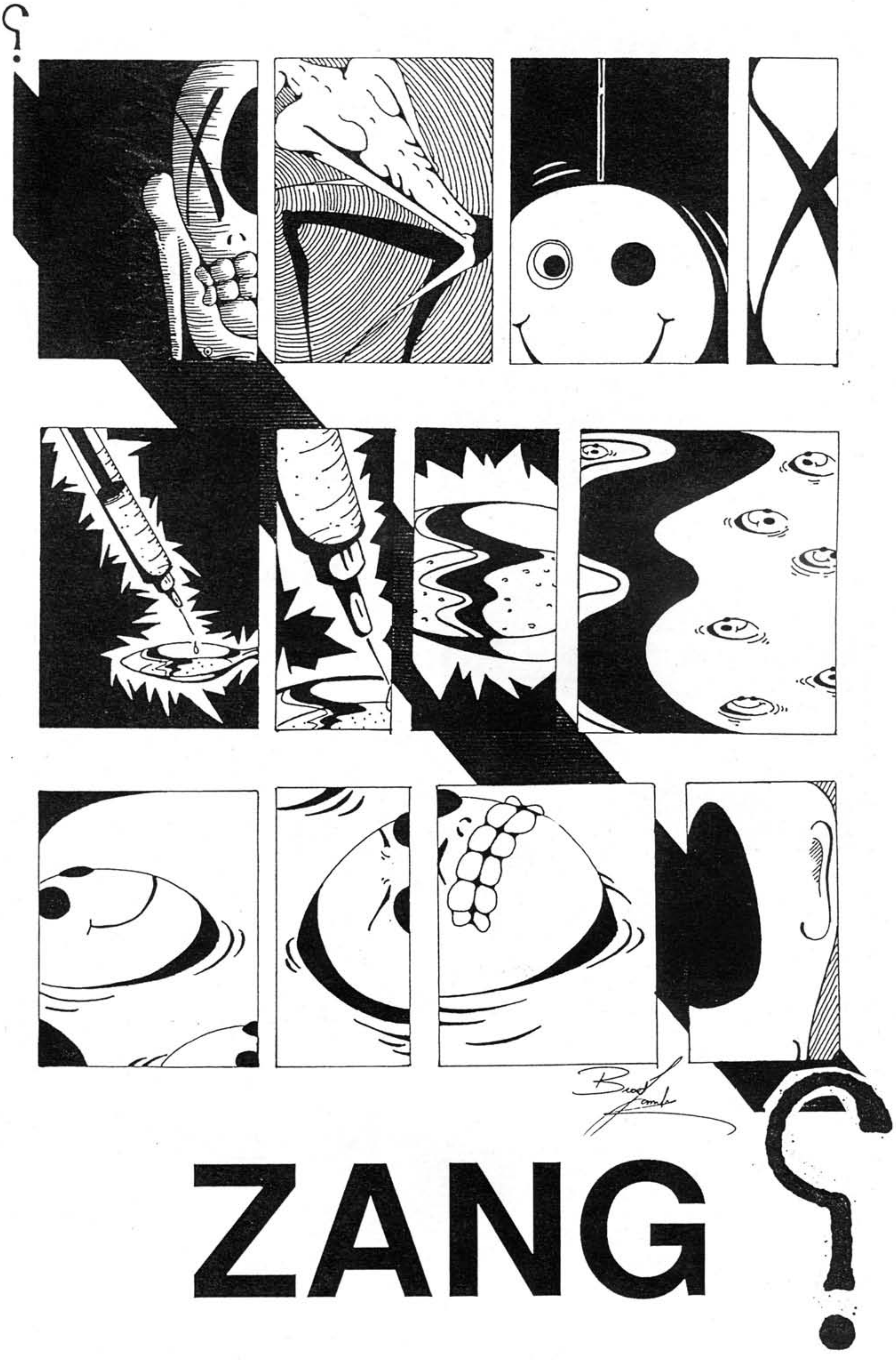
"Untitled" by Jacek Cymerman



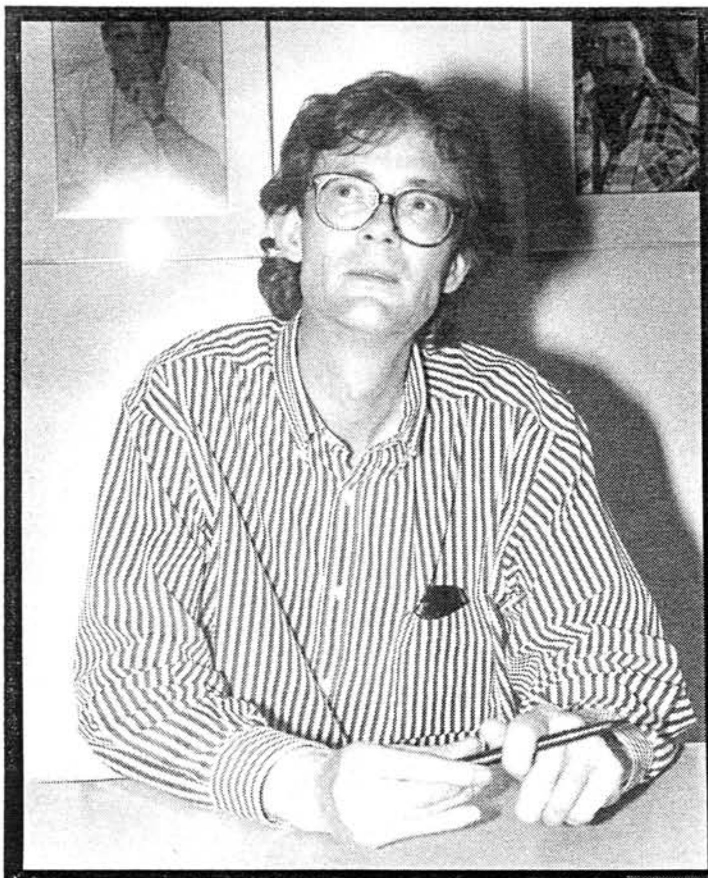
Virus 23 was produced using an Apple Macintosh and a Quark Xpress program. Interviews, fiction essays and art were both submitted and requested. Photocopying was done at Budget Copy Centre in Edmonton, Alberta. Binding and cover printing were provided by Alphagraphics, also in Edmonton. Minimal finances, maximum perseverance and obtainum were our primary resources. Send us anything. We like mail.

ZING




ZANG

Queen Victoria's Personal Spook, Psychic Legbreakers, Snakes and Catfood: An Interview with William Gibson and Tom Maddox





By Darren Wershler-Henry

A conversation with William Gibson is kind of like a full-immersion baptism in all of the weird and disturbing *gomi* [1] that comprises late twentieth century culture, (Arthur Kroker would call it "excremental" culture, but then again, he's also capable of calling "the post-Einsteinian individual" a "hyper-Hobbesian energy pack." Screw that noise). Japanese Nazi geneticists in white bathrobes and terrycloth tennis hats, Luddites, death squads, catfish farms, high-rollers drawing voodoo designs with lines of cocaine, guinea pig-driven flamethrowers, unlicensed denturists... these are a few of his favorite things.

Gibson's writing is, on the most basic level, a testament to this obsession with the bizarre and the disturbing: he takes these random, abandoned fragments of our shattered society and fuses them together into a strange and beautiful mosaic of words. The resulting *gestalt*, though, is more than just an artistic curiosity. Out of this odd assortment of cultural detritus, Gibson creates some genuinely new ideas, and redefines many old ones. "Scramble and resequence; but, in the process of borrowing symbolic energy from the past, new simultaneities and odd juxtapositions, like dreams, emerge"[2]. Take Gibson's most famous creation, cyberspace, as a prime example. The Media Lab (MIT) and Autodesk (California) are all lathered up about the possibility of actually **building** the thing. "Ether, having once failed as a concept, is in the process of being reinvented. Information is the ultimate mediational ether"[3]. As much as he is an entertainer, Gibson is also vitally important as a writer of ideas.

Tom Maddox, a long-time friend of Gibson's, is a professor at Evergreen State College, an excellent science fiction writer and an astute critic. In his short biography of Gibson, he points out that the public's reaction to Gibson has often been a mixed one: "[Many sf writers and readers say] Gibson's work is all 'surface' or 'flash,' and 'never passes from ugly to ennobling.'" In other words, the reasons given by these detractors for their (often violent) dislike of his works rarely varies from typical conservative distaste for Postmodern writing techniques[4]. On the other hand, it could be jealously.... The explanation Maddox provides is blunt and simple: Gibson's writing can be a colossal mindfuck for those unprepared to deal with the issues it raises.

It's a truism of sf criticism that speculative fiction is more about the author's lifetime than any hypothetical "future." Reading ***Neuromancer*** is like putting on a pair of the x-ray specs from John Carpenter's ***They Live***, and seeing the subliminal underbelly of North American capitalist culture. A trip through the looking-glass darkly, a strangely warped reflection in the left lens of the author's mirrorshades... it doesn't matter which metaphor you use, because the upshot of it all is that Gibson sees a blackness in our society that very few people are anxious to hear about, much less do or say anything about. So when someone picks up a Gibson novel which describes a world where multinational corporations have more personality than the people they employ, where the US navy "recruits" dolphins by hooking them on heroin, where people would rather live vicariously through media personalities than cope with their own lives, a little voice starts up in the back of their head. Our world isn't like that at all. Oh no.

Bruce Fletcher and I met Gibson and Maddox in Edmonton, where they were guest writers at Context 89, a speculative fiction convention (Gibson was the Guest of Honor). I persuaded them to talk for several hours about many of the things that make Gibson's work unique. My starting place was the Summer 1989 issue of the ***Whole Earth Review***, "Is the Body Obsolete?"[5]. In attempting to deal with the question of bodily obsolescence, ***Whole Earth*** lays bare the connections between most of the important work being done today in, well, in just about every field you can imagine (and a few others): cybernetics, theories of the body, downloading, feminist theory, artificial intelligence... the list goes on and on. Essentially, this is the same weird collection of oddities --*gomi*-- that Gibson is so fond of. Sure, it's intellectualized *gomi*, but *gomi* nonetheless. The section on Gibson himself falls right in the middle of the magazine, acting (intentionally or not; there are no accidents, right?) as the point where all the other articles converge. It seemed to me that a natural place to begin an examination of Gibson's fiction would be the exploration of some of these connections. Judging from the range of topics we covered in about two hours -many of which I've never seen mentioned in other interviews with Gibson- I think it worked pretty well.

What follows is a sliced, diced (and hopefully coherent; everyone present was nursing a hangover) version of that conversation.

****

Darren Wershler-Henry: (Producing the copy of the ***Whole Earth Review***) Have you seen this? It's a collection of a whole bunch of different things that seem to crystallize around your work: theories of the body, information theory; there's a piece on the Survival Research Laboratories[6], a list of the major influences on cyberpunk writers, and (pointing out the interview entitled "Cyberpunk Era") they even did a [William S.] Burroughs-style Cut-up of your old interviews.

William Gibson: No... show it to me. (To Tom Maddox) Have you seen this? This is really bizarre. I wouldn't give them an interview so they cut up a bunch of old interviews.

Tom Maddox: Who did this?

WG: Kevin Kelly. It's the ***Whole Earth Review***.

TM: Oh- I heard about that, yeah.

DWH: For me, one of the most interesting things in this magazine is when they start talking about what happens when you download people into machines. What constitutes personality when the borderline between people and machines starts to blur? The Flatline seems to be a personality, but is a ROM construct, and the Finn, who gets himself made into some kind of construct...

WG: (laughing) That's one of my favorite parts in that book... he's got the high-rollers drawing in cocaine.

TM: Do you mean, what is it that's in there?

DWH: Yeah. At the end of ***Mona Lisa Overdrive*** you've got Angie, Finn, Colin, and Bobby- two dead people and two personality constructs, one modeled after a "real" man and one a complete fabrication- in the Aleph, heading off into alien cyberspace, and they seem to have their own volition. It's not just a machine kind of thing... they're not programmed to act in certain ways. So that's what I want to look at: where does the self go? How much self do any of these characters have?

WG: Yeah, well, that's just a question, you know? I suppose the book poses that question, but it doesn't answer it. I can't answer it. As for that downloading stuff, I think those guys who seriously consider it are crazier than a sackful of rats. I think that's monstrous! It just seems so obvious to me, but people like those guys at Autodesk who're building cyberspace- I can't believe it: they've **almost got it**- they just don't understand. My hunch is that what I was doing was trying to come up with some kind of metaphor that would express my deepest ambivalence about media in the twentieth century. And it was my satisfaction that I sort of managed to do it, and then these boff-its come in and say "God **damn**, that's a good idea! Let's **plug it all in**!" But, you know, it just leaves me thinking, "What??" You know, that is actually stranger than having people do theses about your work, is to have people build this demented shit you dreamed up, when you were trying to make some sort of point about industrial society. It's just a strange thing.

DWH: Actually, there's an article in here on NASA's Virtual reality project, and *Whole Earth* calls it cyberspace.

WG: (looking at the photo of a sensor-lined glove that controls the movement of the wearer in "cyberspace") Hey Tom; you know if you turned this thing inside out, you could get the computer to jerk you off!

TM: (laughing) That's beautiful Bill. Put it in your book and someone'll build it.

WG: Instead of jacking in, you'd be jacking off.

DWH: It seems to me that what is at the centre of the discussions in this magazine is the way the "personhood" of people is jeopardized by new technologies. What does happen to the concept of self in a society where downloading, cloning and replaceable body parts are commonplace? In your books, the main characters use technology to protect what's left of the self. Molly is a particularly good example. The mirrors over her eyes, and the razorblades under her nails seem to me to be an attempt to **protect** what's left of any kind of interiority.

TM: I think the categories you're using are too traditional. Those are adaptations; those aren't protections of the self. The self is much more labile than in previous cultures, if you will... and in Gibson's stuff, it seems to me that what the self is is sort of open to negotiation on a particular day.

WG: Yeah, I'd agree with that.

DWH: Something else that comes up over and over is the position that women characters end up occupying in your books, and in Postmodern fiction in general. There's a book written by Alice Jardine, a feminist theorist at Yale, called *Gynesis*. She talks about the way in Postmodern fiction that women's bodies become a map for Postmodern man to follow- the only remaining guide to the unknown. Angie, in *Count Zero* with the veves written on her brain, or the messages Wintermute sends Case through Molly's eyes in *Neuromancer*, could be textbook examples of this phenomenon.

TM: No; I don't know; I just don't...

WG: I find it kind of poetically appealing.

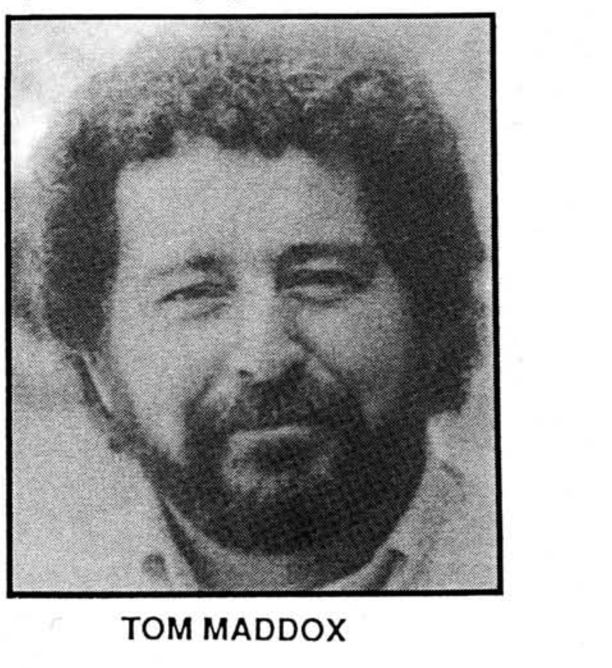
TM: Yeah. I can't imagine it being true or false, right? (laughing) It's a nice way of looking at this stuff.

WG: (laughs) Yeah. It's a good come-on line; try that next time.

TM: Right. "Let's explore the unknown."

WG: I don't think it's necessarily women's bodies; why not **men's** bodies? You know, it's a two-way street. The closest I ever come to saying anything about that is the scene in *Neuromancer* where Case fucks the construct of Linda Lee in the construct on the beach. He has some kind of rather too self-consciously Lawrencian experience. He connects with the meat and it's like he gets Lawrencian blood-knowledge (and that's a little too much the English major there), but I was sincere about that; on some level I guess I believe it. But I think it works both ways.... Am I shooting myself in the foot, Tom? Should I be saying these things and have people come back in twenty years and cite this guy's thesis to me?

TM: There's a fundamental separation of categories that you have to understand here. Asking Bill if this thesis about women's bodies is true to his work is asking him to be the interpreter of his own text, in which case, he's just another interpreter. Now if you want to know what he **meant** by something, well that's legit. But he can't validate or invalidate a particular interpretation, and in fact, asking him to do that is like asking him to betray the possibilities of his own work. Umberto Eco wrote a book called ***A Postscript to the Name of the Rose***, in which he said that in writing his postscript he was betraying the novel. He said, if I wanted to



TOM MADDOX

write an interpretation, I wouldn't have written a novel, which is a machine for generating interpretation.

WG: Well, the thing that I would question in that theory, as you paraphrased it, is that **women's** bodies are the map; I think **bodies** are the map, and if, for instance, you looked at the sequence in ***Mona Lisa Overdrive*** where what's-her-name, the little thing... I forgot her name... **Mona!** Yeah, Mona.

TM: (laughing) Your title character, remember?

WG: Jesus, I can't remember the character's names... I never think about this shit. (laughing) That's what I think you gotta understand.

TM: Nobody who ever writes a book thinks about this shit.

WG: Yeah, the eponymous Mona, where she remembers her stud showing up for the first time, when she's working in the catfish farm. All that really sexual stuff happens there before he takes her away. Think about the way **she's** looking at him, the way she's reading his body. Or look at the art girl, Marly. Marly follows the map in that book. She's the only one who can receive the true map and she goes to the heart of it. She gets an audience with God, essentially, and she does it through her own intellectual capacity and her ability to understand the art.

"JESUS, I CAN'T REMEMBER THE CHARACTERS' NAMES... I NEVER THINK ABOUT THIS SHIT."

TM: She, in a way, for me is the most important one of those three characters [in ***Count Zero***].

WG: If I was doing a thesis on my work, I would try to figure out what the fuck that Joseph Cornell stuff means in the middle of ***Count Zero***. That's the key to the whole fucking thing, how the books are put together and **everything**. But people won't see it. I think it actually needs someone with a pretty serious art background to understand it. You know, Robert Longo understood that immediately. I was in New York- I've got a lot of fans who are fairly heavy New York artists, sort of "fine art guys," and they got it right away. They read those books around that core. I was actually trying to tell people what I was doing while I was trying to discover it myself.

DWH: It goes back to Postmodernism, to pieces again, and to making new wholes from fragments, doesn't it?

WG: Yeah. It's sort of like there's nothing there in the beginning, and you're going to make something, and you don't have anything in you to make it out of, particularly, so you start grabbing little hunks of kipple, and fitting them together, and... (laughing) I don't know, it seemed profound at the time, but this morning it's like I can't even remember how it works.

DWH: But it seems to me that the body is still more important to your female characters than to your male characters. You start out with Case, and the whole thing about how "the body is meat." It's like it's just not important to him: it doesn't matter.

WG: He's **denying** it.

TM: There's that key line: "He fell into the prison of his own flesh," which is the whole point, in a way. I don't know if you want some real ammunition for this that's not just bullshit Postmodernist criticism, there's a guy at Berkeley named Lakoff, George Lakoff. He's a cognitive psychologist, and he's testing a whole set of theories based on the notion that all knowledge is a "body" of knowledge, and that every single intellectual structure in the world is ultimately a piece of embodied spatial knowledge translated by metaphor into something else.

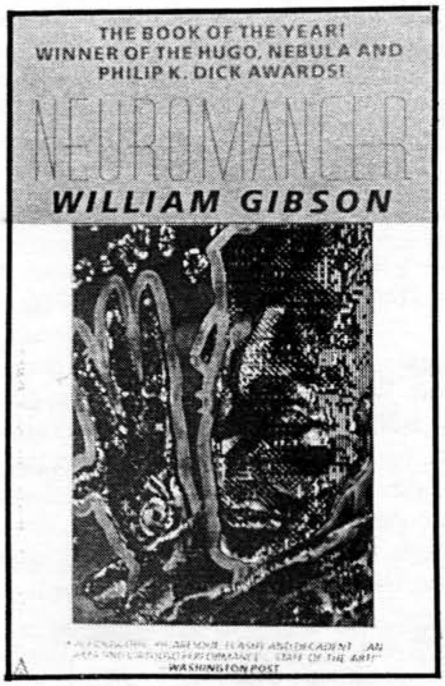
WG: Wow...

TM: **Very** heavy shit. This guy's **really** something. He's got a book called ***Women, Fire and Dangerous Things*** that's about how we categorize the world. And, as a matter of fact, I'll set him loose on ***Neuromancer*** some time because he'll come back with like four hundred explanations about why this is the way Bill's books work. But it fits very nicely with Bill's thoughts, because in the worlds he creates, knowledge is perceived knowledge, which means **embodied** knowledge, and the people who deny that, like Case, maybe they have to be taught by women about that denial, taught that the prison of our own flesh is the only place there is.

WG: The thing is, I'm very labile, especially this morning. (laughing) I could sit here with twenty different people and twenty different theories and say, "Yeah, that's what it is." I like Chip Delany's reaction to anybody who comes on to him with anything like this. He listens really intently and then he says, "That's an interesting thesis." And that's all. (laughs)

TM: It's very easy to make this stuff stand up and dance to whatever tune you want it to. If you're Julia Kristeva and you've got some well worked out critical act that you want to work on something, fine. But here's what I'm really objecting to in this stuff. The categories that you're applying to this are not categories that are integral to the books, things like the "map" on the woman's body, and the"self." The interesting thing about Bill's stuff is that it's creating new categories. Cyberspace is not an analogue of something. It's not the self, it's not sex, it's cyberspace. That's what's really interesting, look at the new categories. There's sort of ongoing discussion groups where people who work at universities and corporations all around the world are thinking about what they call cognitive engineering. The most valid literary criticism that I know of is archaic by comparison. It's got all these categories it's trying to drag kicking and screaming into the twentieth century. It's like J.G. Ballard says about Margaret Atwood and those people: "Yeah, it's the psycholo-

gy of the individual- who gives a fuck, you know? It's all been done." Right, it's been done as well as it's ever going to be done. And why people get excited about Bill's stuff, is that it's not what's been done. And the categories are genuinely emergent. Maybe there's not a body. Maybe the idea of the body or self is entirely irrelevant. Maybe the question of the self becomes infinitely complex. Literary critics love to talk about consciousness. You know what Marvin Minsky says about consciousness? It's a debugging trace. It's like a little piece of froth on top of this larger thing. I think Bill believes that. Consciousness is just part of the act. (laughs) All this other shit that goes on is equally important.



WG: The snake wanted catfood[7].

TM: (laughing) Yeah, the snake wanted catfood, right, yeah, right.

WG: And you know, sometimes you're just running on brain stem. I was running on brain stem last night. Look where it got me. (laughter)

TM: This is what Bill's work is, in fact, about. Bill has been an obsessive aficionado of late twentieth century experience, which for most people is just too unnerving. They don't want it, so they screen themselves off from it. But Bill actively seeks it out, and this has always been true. I mean most people don't want it. It fucks their minds up and they don't want to be a part of it.

WG: What I do is, I give it to them in these books and they're able to open up to it a little bit because it's science fiction.

TM: Right. But in science fiction itself, which is enormously conservative in these matters, his stuff generates a lot of resentment because they don't want to know, and they don't want to experience what the late twentieth century is like, they want to experience what some fifties version of the future is like. Most of the stuff he thinks about, in terms of structure and all that, the visual artist immediately gets, bang bang bang! Whereas people who do straightforward literary criticism wheel out these creaky old novelistic categories that don't apply worth a fuck.

WG: Most of the stuff that I'm seeing, even the stuff in ***Mississippi Review***, is like a bunch of guys from the English Department being forced to write rock criticism. (laughs)

DWH: So what do you consider some of the better work that's been done on your writing?

WG: Well, one of the things that's really amazing about the British reception of my work, and this has been consistent all the way through, is they think I'm a humorist. By and large, they think of me as being largely a humorist, and they think the stuff's funny as hell. It's 'cause they're Brits. They understand- it's more like their sense of humour. The kind of sense of humour I've got is still considered sort of suspect in North America; it's considered just a little too bleak. See, a lot of it was written because I thought it was funny.

Bruce Fletcher: The black humour really came out in the reading [an excerpt from ***The Difference Engine***[8], by Gibson and Bruce Sterling]last night.

WG: Well, there's kind of two levels to that thing. Actually, the world we're depicting there is infinitely grimmer than the world of ***Neuromancer***, and it needs that humour. I mean, when you get to the third section of the book, you realize that they've invented the art of making people disappear. And they're doing this with death squads. (chuckles) There are death squads working in London to take these Luddites out, or anyone who interferes with the system. They just arrest you and take you to Highgate and hang you in the middle of the night, drop your body into a pit of quicklime, and that's it. One of the viewpoint characters is this tortured British spook diplomat named Lawrence Oliphant- he was a real historical figure- he was Queen Victoria's personal spook: "Oliphant of the Tokyo Legation." He was a hero; he was in this crazed samurai uprising in Tokyo. Anyway, Oliphant's manservant was an avid lepidopterist. In the middle of the night, these black-clothed barefoot ninjas with samurai swords were sneaking toward Oliphant's bedroom, and they stepped on this fucker's pinned butterflies which he'd put into the *tatami*. (laughter) That's a true story. Oliphant got his wrist slashed, and one of the lines in the book, which is actually lifted from a recorded conversation with Oliphant is, "Strange how a Japanese..."- and this scar is right on his wrist, so when he shakes hands you can see it- "Strange how a Japanese sword when you're concerned is quite adequate *carte de visite*." (laughs)

TM: (laughing) Oh Jesus Christ.

WG: In our book, Oliphant is the man who dreams up disappearing people; he believes in the All-Seeing Eye. He just dreams it up to solve one terrible problem that they have, and then it takes over. And so he's sort of tortured by knowing he's the guy that discovered the principle of this, because he knows it's wrong. It's gonna be a crazy book; I hope we can finish it. We've go the whole plot together; it's really twisted.

BF:What are the mechanics involved with collaborating on a book?

WG: It's impossible to explain. It's like telling somebody how you "be married." You "be married" the only way you can be married to the person you're married to, and that's all there is to it.

BF: While we're on the topic of writing, I'd like to talk a bit about influences. I find the "Cyberpunk 101"[9] reading list [in *Whole Earth*]interesting for what it says about the formation of canons. As soon as people accept and validate a category like "Cyberpunk,"it becomes a retroactive thing. All of a sudden everyone becomes a proto-cyberpunk writer. This list begins in 1937.

WG: (looking at list and laughing) [Olaf Stapledon's] ***Last and First Men***??! ...and Chandler... I don't like that, you know? I'd like to go on record as saying that I don't like Raymond Chandler. I think he's kind of an interesting stylist but I just found him to be this creepy puritanical sick fuck. (laughter)

DWH: That would explain the way you handle Turner in ***Count Zero***.

WG: Yeah, Turner is a kind of detective, a deconstructed [literally and figuratively; ed.] thriller guy. I wanted to get one of those macho thriller guys, a real he-man straight out of the kit, and just kind of push him apart. I never was quite able to do it. The scene that works for me the most is when he kills the wrong man. There's a slow build and he blows the shit out of somebody and someone says to him, 'so-and-so's the agent here, you asshole.'

TM: (laughs) Yeah, why'd you kill him?

WG: (back to the list) Alfred Bester, yeah. Bester I'll go for. [William S. Burroughs'] ***Naked Lunch***, yes. Philip K. Dick, though, had almost no influence.

TM: Right, you've really never read much...

WG: I never read Dick because I read Pynchon. You don't need Dick if you've read Pynchon. I mean Dick was the guy who couldn't quite do it.

TM: Ah, but you haven't read Dick, Bill. (laughs)

WG: That's true. I read a little Dick, but I didn't like it. [Michael Moorcock's ***The Cornelius Chronicles***? Well, [Samuel Delany's] ***Nova***, yeah, I could see ***Nova***. But ***The Cornelius Chronicles***, well.... I never read [Alvin Toffler's] ***Future Shock***. [J.G. Ballard's] ***The Atrocity Exhibition***, yeah. [Robert Stone's] ***Dog Soldiers***, yeah.

DWH: Do you know Richard Kadrey, the guy who made this list?

WG: Yeah. You know, I think his first short story was my first short story cut up into individual blocks of one or two words and rearranged. It was published in ***Interzone***, and it's really weird. I talked to him about it, and he just wouldn't cop to it. It's weird, it's indescribably weird, you should actually read it. There are sentences in there that are out of "Fragments of a Hologram Rose," but they've been dicked with in some mysterious way. And you couldn't really say it's plagiarism. I actually thought it was kinda cool.

TM: Yeah, he's a good guy, a smart guy. Richard's the only one I know who's really... ***Metrophage*** is really and truly a Gibson *homage*. He's not derivative at all.

WG: Yeah, it's really good. This guy published his book and everybody's saying, "God, this is really a rip-off of you. You should be offended!" I thought that it was a dynamite book and that it really stands out. What he'd gotten in there and done was, he'd gone in there and played riffs on the instrument that I'd never dreamed of. And he's one of the hipper people in the field, that's for sure. He knows about drugs too. (laughter)

DWH: What about the"punk" in cyberpunk? Do you see any real connections between what you write and punk rock?

WG: I was recently described as "the spiritual godfather of an outlaw subculture." (laughs) I mean, when I was fifteen that was my wildest dream, but now...

TM: (laughing) It's a case of being careful what you you wish for BIll, because sometimes you get it.

WG: There was a while, at the start of all the cyberpunk stuff, when I contemplated dressing up like that, getting a foot tall blue mohawk or something. When people go to a reading to see a cyberpunk author, they expect to see him come running in out of the rain and whip the sweat out of his mohawk and start signing books. Actually, one time I was in New York signing books, there was this godawful roar outside the bookstore, and these two huge motorcycles screeched up to the curb, and these two huge guys covered in leather and studs and chains and shit got off, and came into the store. When they got a good look at me their faces just fell, you know? One of them pulled out this copy of one of my books and said, "Well, I guess you can sign it anyway." (laughs)

DWH: Some of the characters in your books look a lot like various punk subcultures: the Gothicks and Jack Draculas, for example.

WG: Yeah I hung out with some in London. You know, some of them pierce their genitals. And they won't fuck anyone who doesn't have a piece of steel shoved through there. It's weird, 'cause they hang little bells and shit on them. You can hear them jingle when they move. (laughs)

BF: Who do you talk to regularly? Do you correspond with Timothy Leary at all? [A last minute editorial note- Leary **interviews** Gibson in *Mondo 2000* #7, the latest incarnation of ***High Frontiers/Reality Hackers***]. So that answers my question-BF.]

WG:I exchange letters with Mark Pauline; the stuff in *Mona Lisa Overdrive* is supposed to be an *homage* to SRL, but I don't think I quite got it. Leary? I talk to him on the phone, yeah. We don't really correspond, because he doesn't write...

TM: I was going to say he's probably post-literate at this point. (laughs)

BF: I like his new book, he's redone ***Neuropolitics***, it's now called ***Neuropolitique***, and it's dedicated to you [Gibson].

WG: Oh God, finding that out was the weirdest experience. I was in L.A. working on screenplays, and I got into this limo at LAX to go to a meeting in this fancy Chinese place on Sunset. I got this crazy little Yugoslavian limo driver- you have to be very careful with limo drivers because every limo driver's an out-of-work screenwriter or something- I get in and he sort of looks at me and he says, "Are you **the** William Gibson?" and I said, "Well I'm **the** William Gibson that's sitting in your car." (laughs) And he says, "I haven't read your books, but I'm the greatest admirer of Dr. Timothy Leary," and he whips Leary's book out and its dedicated to me and Bob Dylan.

BF: (laughing) Yeah, that's the book.

WG: I mean, if you want weird, I thought, you know, total cognitive dissonance there. And he got talking so much that he made me late for the meeting. He overshot the restaurant, and he told me this really sad story about how he'd been a TV producer in Yugoslavia. It was a heartbreaking fucking story; I believe it too. He got his ass out of Yugoslavia, and he got over to Hollywood and he thought he could work in the TV or film business. But, he'd been around and nobody would touch him with a ten-foot pole. So there he was, mooking around and driving this limo. Anyway, I went into the meeting. Somewhere between realizing that I didn't want to write another version of ***Alien III***, and getting back into the car, when we were sort of doing small talk, I said: "This is an amazing town. The guy driving my limo used to be a television producer in Yugoslavia." So I told them this story that had really affected me. One of the people there is this woman who's the Bitch Woman from the studio- she's there to hurt me if I get out of line- they've always got an edge, you know. She keeps her mouth shut until I'm finished, and then she sort of drew on her pity look, and she says to me, "Huh, Don't they **all** have a story."

TM: Yeah right. (laughs) All the **little** people.

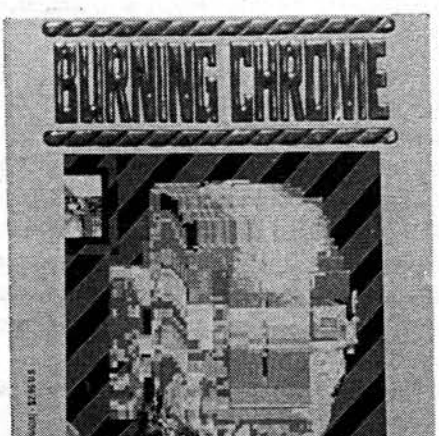
WG: Oh, man. But they do... and they have people who're like psychic leg-breakers that they bring along. There's always one.

NOTES

1 "Kumiko stared as Sally drew her past arrays of Coronation plates and jowled Churchill teapots. 'This is *gomi*,' Kumiko ventured, when they paused at an intersection. Rubbish. In Tokyo, worn and useless things were landfill. Sally grinned wolfishly. 'This is England. *Gomi*'s a major natural resource. *Gomi* and talent.'" -William Gibson ***Mona Lisa Overdrive*** (p.30)
Gibson's writing is testament to what talent can do with *gomi*.

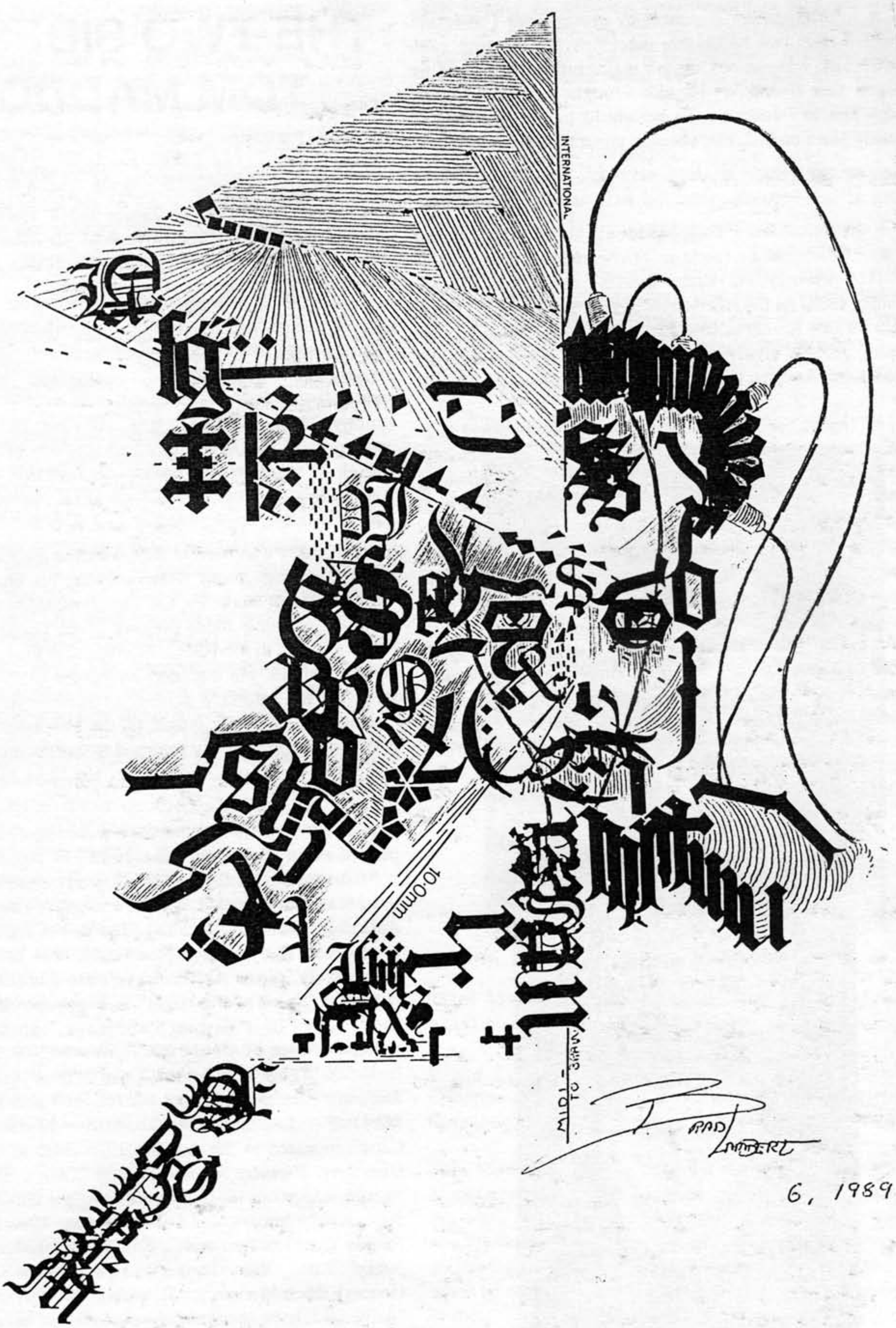
2 Sol Yurick, ***Behold Metatron, the Recording Angel***. New York: Semiotext(e), 1985, 6. The Semiotext(e) series is published at Columbia University, and despite some embarrassing editing problems, is a valuable source of texts by influential Postmodern theorists like Baudrillard, Lyotard, and Deleuze and Guattari.

3 Sol Yurick again: page 9.



4 One of the few really good studies that has been done to date on Gibson's merits and faults as a writer is Lucy Sussex's "Falling Off the Fence: Reviewing William Gibson's ***Neuromancer*** and ***Count Zero***," ***The Metaphysical Review***, November 1987. If you can't find it (It's from Australia), send me a S.A.S.E. c/o ***Virus 23***, and I'll mail you a copy.

5 I have to admit a vested interest here. A discussion of the space the body occupies in Gibson's writing will form the core of my Master's thesis.

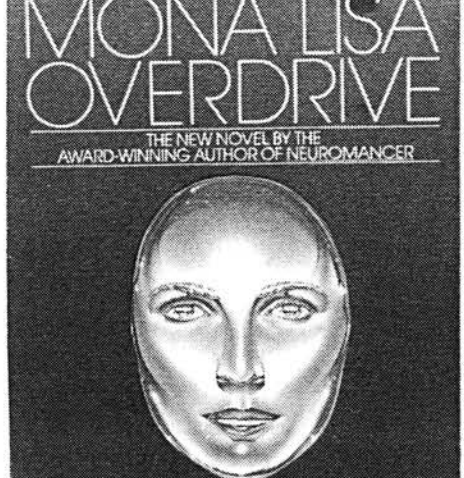

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Brad Lambert
6, 1989

6 A sorta-kinda performance art group from California (where else) that builds big machines that destroy each other. SRL was one of Gibson's major influences in writing *Mona Lisa Overdrive*. He also brought a SRL videotape with him to Edmonton, so he would have something to watch. More on SRL elsewhere in this magazine.

7 A quotation from Tom Maddox's short story "Snake Eyes," which can be found in *Mirrorshades: The Cyberpunk Anthology*, ed. Bruce Sterling. New York: Arbor House, 1986. At the risk of bowdlerizing the piece, I'll just mention that it's about this guy whose higher thought processes become involved in a conflict of interest with his brain stem. And you thought hangovers were bad....

8 *The Difference Engine* is an alternate-world novel Gibson is writing with Bruce Sterling. It's set in a nineteenth century England where Charles Babbage's steam-powered computer actually gets built, and all sorts of weird shit happens as a result (including Lord Byron pursuing politics instead of poetry and becoming Prime Minister). Gibson read various excerpts from the manuscript while in Edmonton.

9 An earlier form of the "Cyberpunk 101" reading list is found in ***Signal: Communication Tools for the Information Age***. New York: Harmony Books, 1988. ***Signal*** is a ***Whole Earth catalog***. The list makes for some interesting reading, but it should come with a sticker that reads: Warning: Canon Formation in Progress!



THE TWO SIDES OF TOM MADDOX

By Bruce Fletcher

"There is a truism of modern criticism that no one observes, but everyone pays lip service to, which is that all truly interesting works of literature teach you how to read themselves. It's very cognitive, and yet there's people that immediately turn around and say, 'I will take these external categories and teach it how to read itself.'"

and/or

Tom Maddox prepares to interview William Gibson for Disclave 1986.

TM: "Ahhh... Jesus, Mary & Joseph. Where's our bloody Marys?"

(30 seconds of liquids pouring and cubes clinking)

WG: "I'm just here to answer questions."

A BIOGRAPHY

Tom Maddox was born in West Virginia and lived a number of places in the South while growing up. During the late '60's he lived in Berkeley, California, where he did a number of things, among them playing blues guitar and selling books. He fled to the Pacific Northwest in the collapse of the counter-culture. He attended Evergreen State College and went on to graduate school at American University, Washington, D.C.. He taught on the East coast for most of the eighties. He recently returned to Evergreen, where he is currently Writing Coordinator. He likes to party with William Gibson.

His first story, "The Mind Like a Strange Balloon," was published in ***Omni*** in June 1985. In April 1986 they published "Snake Eyes" which was anthologized in a number of places including ***Mirrorshades: The Cyberpunk Anthology. Omni*** also printed "The Robot and the One You Love," and "Baby Strange," in March 1988 and April 1989 respectively. ***Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*** published "Spirit of the Night" in September 1987, and the short story "In a Distant Landscape," appeared in the cyberpunk issue of ***Mississippi Review*** #47/48. His criticism includes: "The War of the Coin's Two Halves: Bruce Sterling's Mechanist/Shaper Narratives," also published in *MR*47/48 and, "Spy Stories: The Life and Fiction of John le Carre" appeared in the Autumn 1986 issue of ***The Wilson Quarterly. Fantasy Review*** printed "Cobra, She Said: An Interim Report on the Fiction of William Gibson" in April 1986, and he interviewed Gibson in May 1986 for ***Science Fiction Eye***. His first novel, ***The Second Program***, will be published in 1990 by Tor Books in the United States and by Century Hutchinson in England. He says it's about, "Artificial Intelligences and the evolution of human desire."

THE WORLD IN HIS FICTION

Tom Maddox's fiction is about addiction; usually his characters are addicted to technologically enhanced

experience, or to their own very primal emotions. Although the psychology of disturbed individuals is at the emotional centre of his work, these short psychodramas are played out in a carefully delineated future world. This gives free reign to Maddox's more philosophical and sociological pursuits. His vision is a world that is ethically ambiguous, physically dangerous, shallow and 'flash', as well as being completely beyond the control of anyone living within it. In short, Maddox writes about life on Earth in the latter years of the 20th Century. Postmodern panic reactions are a survival skill.

Like William Gibson's (or William Faulkner's) short stories, Maddox connects his work to weave a near future. He lets the individual stories illuminate different levels of the society at different points in its history. His world is run by global consortiums like the International Construction Orbital Group (ICOG) and SenTrax (the primary manufacturer of military hardware, Artificial Intelligences, and Human/Machine Interface technologies). ICOG members include: "ITT, AT&T, Nippon Electric, NT&T, Telletra, Siemens AG, CIT Alcatel, McDonnell-Douglas, Boeing, Hughes Aerospace- ICOG's member groups formed a seemingly infinite matrix of multinationals, utilities, and state-owned monopolies, each with a different level of commitment to ICOG, most ready to cut and run at the first sign of serious trouble. The individual balance sheet ruled, not the project. That's why macroengineering ventures like this one were always held together by such a slim thread." ("The Mind Like a Strange Balloon")

This diverse group constructed the global solar energy grid and the Athena Station (in a geo-stationary orbit thirty thousand kilometers above the equator). When the events in "Snake Eyes" occur, ICOG is defunct and the Athena Station has been acquired by SenTrax, the developers of the Aleph-Nought IA system. This computer (inside the Athena Station itself) is one of the major players in Maddox's short stories: "Intelligent Assistants are just computers in the fast lane, but they have such sweet moves- so responsive to the human touch, they don't seem to be computers at all." ("The Mind Like A Strange Balloon")

Maddox approaches the AI from an interesting perspective, for Aleph is acutely aware that it is a 'Psychic Vampire' feeding on those pitiable souls that have been linked, and psycho-physically addicted, to the machine's heightened sensory impressions.

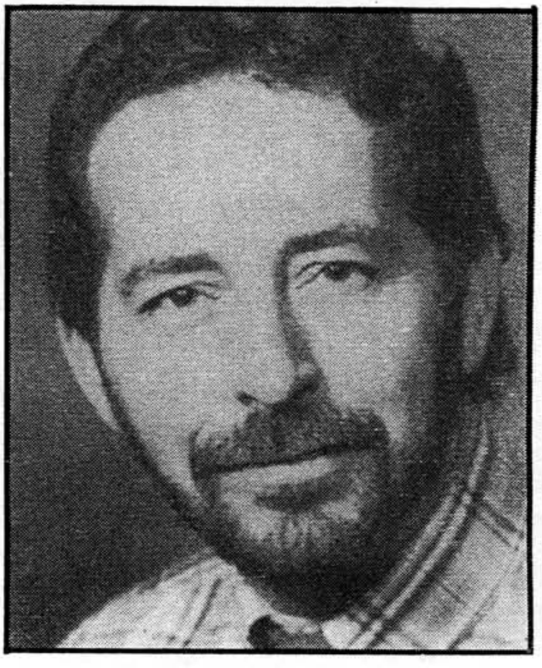
"Aleph thought, *I am an incubus, a succubus; I crawl into their brains and suck the thoughts from them, the perceptions, the feelings- subtle discriminations of color, taste, smell, and lust, anger, hunger- all closed to me without human 'input,' without connection to those systems refined over billions of years of evolution. I need them.*

Aleph was happy that George had survived. One had not, others would not, and Aleph would mourn them." ("Snake Eyes")

The beauty of Maddox's vision comes from the subtle interplay of emotion and the physical environments he creates. He deals with the technological evolution of our species and examines what it is that drives us and makes us human.

"'It's not the snake,' Innis said.
"'Call it *the cat* ,' Lizzie said, 'if you've got to call it something. Mammalian behavior, George, cats in heat.'" ("Snake Eyes")

Do something for your mind today, search your local used bookstores for the magazines that have printed Maddox's stories. You won't be disappointed, and you won't want to wait until they've eventually been published as a book.



Tom Maddox

TOM MADDOX ANSWERS FIVE QUESTIONS (BY MAIL)

Bruce Fletcher: At the end of *Neuromancer*, William Gibson thanks you for inventing ICE (Intrusion Countermeasures Electronics). How did that come about?

Tom Maddox: Bill saw ICE in a manuscript I showed him at an Orycon in Portland just after we met some years back. We were sitting at the bar in the Hilton, and he looked quickly through this thing (it's still in the drawer because it sucks- too long; too short; too goofy); anyway, he just lit up when he saw ICE. "I want to steal this," he said, and I said, "Fine." From the same manuscript he took the names Hosaka and Jerry Quine.

BF: Your writing conveys a sense of familiarity with the frontiers of high technology research. If my impression is

accurate, how do you manage to keep up?

TM: Keeping up with high tech: yeah, well, the best ways I can. I scan the racks for the usual science and technology mags, and I look at good bookstores, and I keep an eye out on Usenet (very good sources there), and I talk to people who work or teach in the sciences. I take modest pride in not having Really Stupid Science.

BF: Your stories feature characters who have undergone drastic technological change to their bodies as well their minds. For example, Diana Heywood ("The Mind Like a Strange Balloon"), George Jordon ("Snake Eyes"), and Jolley ("In a Distant Landscape"), are all addicted to their sensory modifications. Despite this, your focus is the unleashing of primal emotion, particularly in the context of twisted love stories. Is love the last line of defence against the radical change that your characters experience?

TM: "The unleashing of primal emotion, particularly in the context of twisted love stories." Yes, indeed, that about sums it up. But, no, I do not consider love "the last line of defence." For me it works this way: it's interesting to put the characters and the "drastic technological change to their bodies and minds" into the **strong force field** of primal emotion and twisted love. The characters aren't really defending against anything; they're manifesting, if you see what I mean. Doing the psychomagnetic twist; horizontal future dancing.

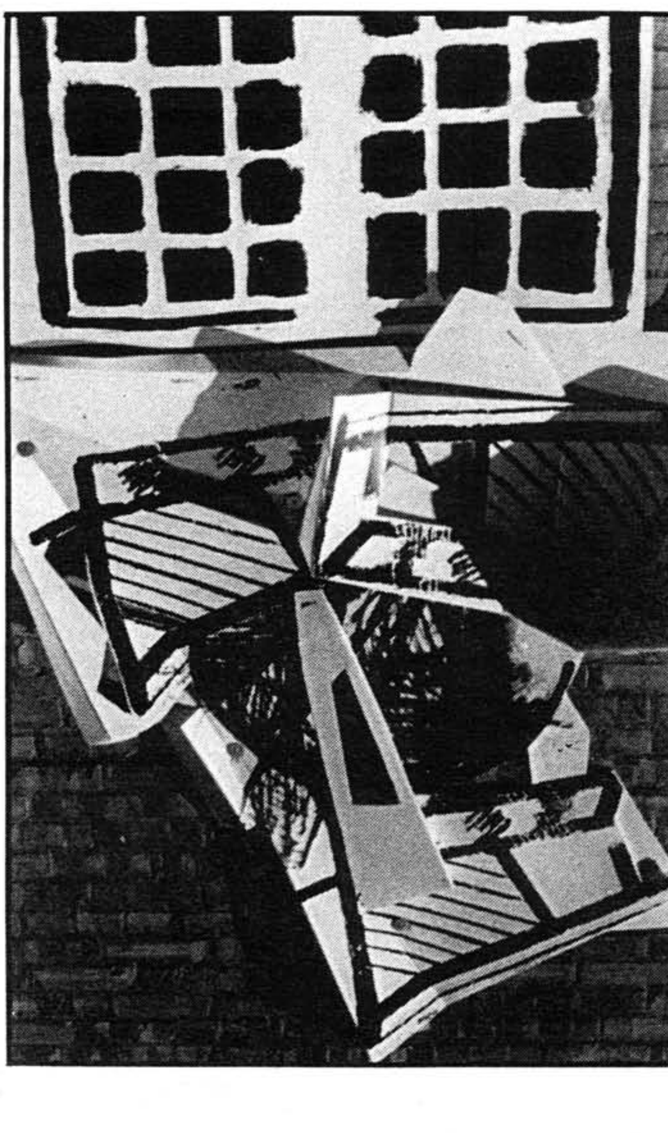
BF: 'Cyberpunk' literature and film spawned a subculture in its own image. These enthusiasts are excited by the ideas presented and use them (or build on them) to give the fictional world a solid base in reality- for example, Jaron Lanier's work with Virtual Reality technology. In ***20/20*** magazine Paul Saffo, who researches "outlaw Hacker culture", writes: "I believe it [cyberpunk] will be the counterculture movement of the 1990's. They are saying they want a more intimate relationship with their systems. They are saying, 'Let's create cyberspace; let's create a parallel electronic universe.'" This synergy of art with society presents speculative fiction with the potential to literally create a future. What responsibilities and/or possibilities are presented to you (the artist)?

TM: I guess I don't much believe that the "synergy of art with society presents speculative fiction with the potential to literally create a future." Not more so than usual, anyway. I'm of the "Beauty Knows Nothing of Goodness" school (title of a William Gass article published in ***Harper's***, I believe, last year), which says, look these are esthetic documents, right? and if you read them as prescriptions for behavior, you're nuts. In short, our job as writers of fiction is to write fiction: period.

[Digression about Paul Saffo: he wrote one of the dumbest pieces on cyberpunk I've ever seen for the ***Communications of the ACM***, which is the uh organ of this society of hard-tech computer pros; get someone else to tell you about it, because I don't know much. Anyway, I wrote an interlinear critique of the article and posted it on Usenet.]

BF: Have you read any good books lately?

TM: Good books: Cormac McCarthy, ***Blood Meridian*** and ***Suttree***, two incredible books. ***Blood Meridian*** reads like a script for ***The Wild Bunch*** might if Sam Peckinpah had been given a serious intelligence boost. And ***Suttree*** reads like Faulkner on acid. Then a bunch of mid-level stuff on brain research: Richard F. Thompson, ***The Brain: An Introduction to Neuroscience***, J. Allan Hobson, ***The Dreaming Brain***. Obligatory postmodern reading: Jean Baudrillard, ***America***, goofy Frenchman hits the highway. Then there's George Lakoff, ***Women, Fire, and Dangerous Things***, an incredibly powerful set of ideas about how we categorize the world, fits nicely beside Minsky's ***Society of Mind*** and things of that ilk. Terry Winograd and Fernando Flores, ***Understanding Computers and Cognition***, a corrective to lots of AI bullshit. Actual fiction, Thomas Harris, ***The Silence of the Lambs***, latest book of his with Dr. Lecter (Hannibal the Cannibal); very fucking good, and I say that as one who hates books about serial killers; le Carre's ***Russia House***, also very good. Other stuff: ***Raw***, ***Semiotext(e) USA***.





CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE: Belinda Atkinson is a free-lance journalist. Yassin Boga is a University of Alberta student and Small Town Apathy member. Jacek Cymerman is somewhere in Thailand. Donald David is in his final year at the School of Visual Arts in New York. Bruce Fletcher is a partially educated civil servant. Jack Germshied is a news editor and suppressed publisher. Brad Lambert is a musician and artist residing in Vancouver. Tom Maddox is an author and professor in Washington. Paul Pype is an anthropology major at the University of Alberta. The recently married Darren Wershler-Henry lives in Winnipeg and is writing his Master's thesis on William Gibson's work. Simon Williams lives in Red Deer and draws sometimes. Please send us stuff if you want to.



The Annotated: NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

A Commentator's Transliteration of the Manuscripts of GARVIN WELK

edited by 4

Channeled by Bruce Fletcher

This material is now cleared for general access to security level 6 scholars. This is a class 2 neuro-toxin and may only be used in isolation. This is the original transcription of the tract discovered and deciphered by edit 4 in 608. We remember his work. Do not remove this material from the vault. Although very little leakage has been reported in our Sector, the Welk cult violence continues unabated elsewhere. Please affirm clearance with vault security before proceeding.

The battery in my light is very weak, so I now exist in a perpetual brown-out. I've run out of water. The ache in my leg has stopped, but the strange organic shades of green-black continue to crawl up my thigh. I thank the Creator for this pen and paper, my last comfort in the ever-darker world.

Perhaps it would be wise to begin at the beginning, before my fever-wracked senses complete their terminal tumble to delirium. I fear that if I fail to record my story, I may inadvertently obliterate all traces of the wondrous philosophy that I unearthed in these musty caverns. Without this hastily scrawled record, the Archive may swallow all traces of the thin frail volume that chance and circumstance have forced upon me.

After killing the misshapen feral child who bit me, I (almost literally) stumbled across the manuscript in one of the dank, ill-used passageways on Level 9 of Archive 23, Sector C-93. As I was in a great deal of pain at the time, I happened to lean on a rotted shelf, which then caused a crate full of ancient and crumbling hardcopy to fall from above (and land much too near your humble narrator). Fate smiled and that ripe info-belly ripped wide before my eyes, spilling the irreplaceable voice of the past at my feet. Habit made me scrabble through the rubbish at once, although I fully expected the usual obsolete technical manuals coded

in Esperanto. When I realized what I had uncovered, I was ecstatic! The material was dated 1989! Since we are all aware how few documents managed to survive the cataclysmic times of the Prophet Hubard, I instantly fell to my knees and prayed to the Creator that perhaps I might be the one to discover an original fragment of the legendary Dionytechs Revelation. However, I am saddened to report that the material is written by a (heretofore) unknown personage, yet I believe that its Religio-historical worth is considerable. The Work is obviously written to praise the Creator, and since it had been annotated by an ancient scholar I would conclude that it is the writing of an important theologian from those troubled times. Perhaps it will eventually be categorized with the rest of the Hubard Apocrypha. I am disheartened by the condition of the paper, for time has ravaged it and only small fragments of the original tract remain legible. Therefore, I have been forced to extrapolate the author's intentions in a few instances. To further complicate matters it is written in English, a proto-historical Indo-European dialect that flourished in the polar regions. Thank the Creator that I am familiar with this tongue, so I am able to illuminate the arcane, and hitherto unknown, wonders found within this ancient manuscript.

In the many years that I have devoted to the Service (for I am [was] the assistant director's third deputy assistant), my duties provided no reason to journey into the bowels of Archive 23. Then, in the aftermath of the massive fusion failures last year, my (final?) deputation was finalized. It followed the standard pattern that the Service assigned to all routine dispatches; that is, it was clear, concise and well-organized. Hence it provided no indication of the adventures to follow.

'EXPLORE, AND IF IT IS NECESSARY, MAP THE ARCHIVE,LOCATE THE FUSION CORE, THEN RE-INSTATE ALL SERVICES TO THE AFFECTED AREA, AND RETURN FOR SYSTEMIC DEBRIEFING.', it read.

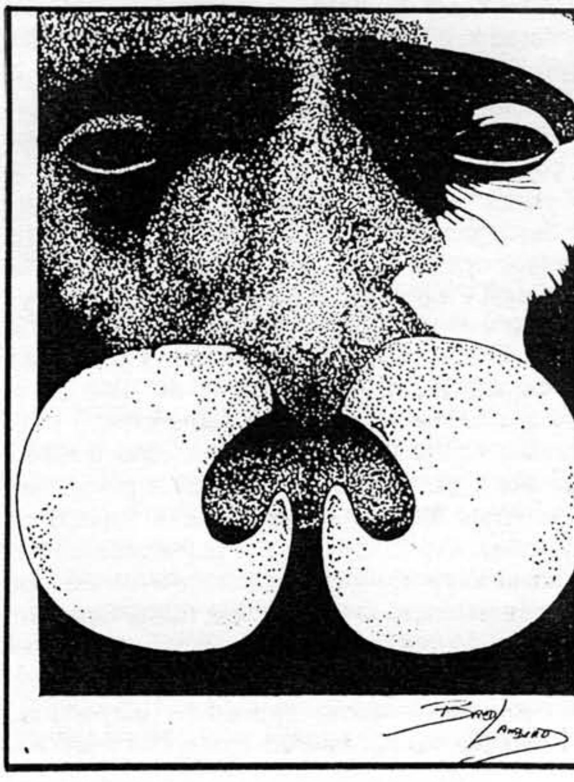
After a long and fruitless search through the Service files for a map of the area, I packed my gear and set out on foot. I brought enough food, but I forgot my med-kit. That was the beginning of my end.

I ascertained that the material I discovered is attributed to, or perhaps it is written about, a (male?) individual called 'Garvin Welk'. This title is found on the initial page of each document in the package. The first dispatch is dated Jan 18/89 (sic). My prior research indicates that this was an important Holy Day upon which every inhabitant of the European sub-continent welcomed in the New Year with feasting, music, and ritual round dances. Therefore the intent of the author is obvious. This initial portion of the manuscript is in particularly poor condition; nonetheless I managed to decipher this choice quote:

...knowledge has its price, for with conscious responsibility comes a bubbling host of troubling thought viruses, and the assorted mental side-effects of intensive self-examination.... (The next three lines are unintelligible) ...he confronts his own mortality. Death triggers instant maturation. He is forced to take responsibility for his instinctive animal centre because he watches the buck die.... (Manuscript; Section 1, Page 1)

Although the meaning of this passage may appear nebulous when scanned in a cursory manner, an astute student of the Service, (and perhaps a few gifted historians), may well glean much more information. For example, the "bubbling host" is a very obvious reference to 'Cola'. This liquid was used to link the individual to the Creator at important ceremonial rites and rituals. At this time a schism developed between two rival sects concerning the secret of the preparation of 'Cola'. This led to the infamous Cosi Holy War which raged planet-wide for centuries, eventually costing billions of lives (Illuminated as well as Heathen).

The most obvious Religio-historical reference (manifest even to a lay theologian) is the term "viruses". It is common knowledge that the pandemic infections of the False Promise drove humankind from the Garden of the Pure into the depths of the Archive (where we currently serve our sentence). However, the truly interesting aspect of this passage is the author's use of the term to highlight a method of thought. Is this a reference to the active proselytization of the Teachings of Hubard, or does the term refer to the actual physical damage caused by cathode ray tubes? Since I tend to ascribe pure values to this eminent philosopher, I cannot imagine that it is anything less than a metaphor for the collectivity of our own Hubardian pain engranz. However, the subjectivity of my analysis is (of course) affected by the state of my lower left limb. Praise the Creator in Hir watchfulness.



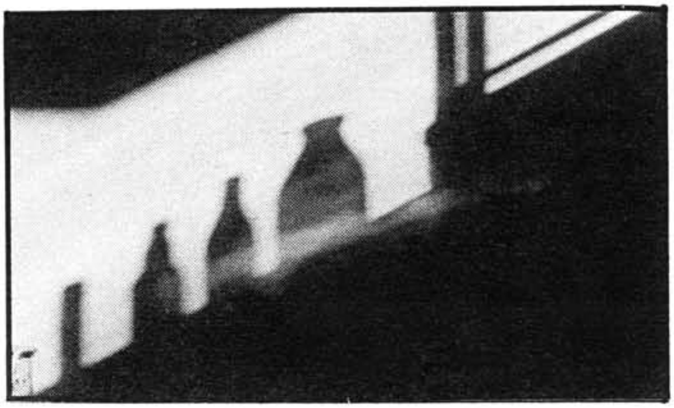
When my author writes of watching "the buck die" I understand him. (Since I no longer have access to my reference materials I cannot ascertain with any degree of certainty whether the name 'Garvin Welk' was assigned to men or women in that historical period, but last sleep I had a dream that he [I now believe] is a properly nourished, very serious, sensitive, pale young gentleman of below average height with a full beard and a hairy back. His oiled arms and rippling abdomen are tautly muscled, and his body gleams in the pale light which emanates from the monitor in his chamber).

Again I am forced to remind you that the excerpt (which I have so graciously provided) contains a (simply coded) reference to "the buck", which is most definitely a pecuniary referent. This was the glorious age of wealth. At that point in history everyone had more than they ever needed, or could ever use. There was no want, no hunger, and no greed. Our oral tradition tells the tale of the poor genetic nutritionist, Ronnie Appleseed. He sowed a garden that was so bountiful that he was forced to spread his joyful abundance throughout the stars. The author refers to the death of this perfect (Divine) system, and our subsequent fall from the grace that was Consumerism. We can never again consume this bounty until we follow the system set out for us in the Service texts. Praise the Creator.

It is clear that the entire first section of the dissertation is a metaphorical examination of a uniquely human dilemma; an individual's free will is always opposed to responsibility within the social order. These problems have (obviously) been rectified since this tract was written.

I am very thirsty. If I press the lower section of my leg with my finger the imprint remains. Praise the wonders of the Creator.

The third entry in the series is of particular interest, for it is entered in a hand-copied script. This suggests that Garvin Welk was on a pilgrimage at the time. It may also be possible that he was struck with a vision of such import that he was forced to transcribe it as soon as possible, lest the original intent be lost to a (typically) human encoding error. This is not an unreasonable assumption, for instantaneous revelatory enlightenment occurs in the writings of many of the World's greatest Prophets and Seers. Although everyone is familiar with the story of Mickey Moses and his musical pilgrimage to found the (falsely) promised haven of Dunsanyland, I will recount the tale once more (perhaps for my benefit alone). The creator took Mickey Moses to the top of Matterhorn and instilled within him the cross-temporal vision of a place that would incorporate the best of all possible aspects of yesterday, today, and tomorrow. But (as we are all too aware) this vision was in opposition to Hubard, for Mickey Moses blindly followed the false Creator, Gnora. Therefore his tale takes a tragic turn. The faithful followed him in such great numbers, (as we now know, this was primarily caused by ultrasound, and the harmonic overtones that emanated from his



mystical mouth organ), that they overcrowded the banks of Dunsanyland river. Then the true Creator looked down upon them, and Hir judgement caused the cliff to fall away so that the multitudes fell into the cool waters and drowned. From that time forward Mickey Moses and his seven diminutive disciples have been revered by the Service, for they were martyred by False Promise. We remember the faithful as we swim.

Since the third transmission is evidently of Divine origin, I have taken the liberty of subjecting it to numerological crystalosis. The Work is divided into six segments, which correspond directly to the six circuits of the eternal conduit. The first sentence is composed of twenty-one words, while the second sentence has only six.

(A thorough search of the area revealed the remnants of this Manuscript entry. While I have no knowledge of the uncial script in which Welk composed his journal, I copied the inscriptions with a scanner so as to include the two sentences in question. I hope that his will provoke further analyses. "From the arctic wastelands, where skin freezes in a few short seconds, to these hallowed halls of knowledge comes the chill. It freezes the heart and mind." -edit by 4.)

Two key words appear in both phrases; "freezes", and "the" (Manuscript; Section 3, paragraph 1). The prior term refers to a decorative, often sculptured horizontal band along the upper part of a building or a wall in a room. The latter is a common definite article, and probably has little significance to the content beyond grammatical clarification. I noted that the second sentence may be fitted into the first sentence three full times with three words left over. Furthermore, when one discounts the doubled significant words, one is left with eighteen words in the first sentence (for "the" is used twice) and four words in the second sentence. Therefore, the second sentence may be fully fitted into the first four times with only two words remaining. If one discounts only the doubled words from the first sentence, then the second fits in evenly three times with no remainder! This is a very important matter to consider. Why would the Creator

formulate Hir speech in this clearly blasphemous construction? Is this a transmission from Gnora? My brow dampens and I shudder uncontrollably when I consider this possibility. No matter, we are left with the puzzle of the multiple threes, (exactly three of them), and we must also deal with the four with a remainder of two (which is exactly two once more!). The three threes and the two twos may be read as four kinds of spiritual pairs, either thirty-threes, twenty-twos, thirty-twos, or twenty-threes (which [coincidentally?] is the Archive in which these notes were discovered!).

This third entry is of such an obviously prophetic nature that I do not feel that I am qualified to attempt any analysis of the content of the material, or even a fully developed numerological crystalosis. Mayhap I would have had time (if I did not lay dying), but I have many pages to go before I sleep so I must let this matter rest. I heartily recommend that this entire Section be forwarded to Branch Headquarters for the perusal of the second assistant deputy, after my (now imminent) death, (if my writings [and my immortal remains] are discovered).

To conclude my analysis of this portion of the Manuscript, and to help direct further investigations into the nature of this strange tome, I would like to write that I can hardly bring myself to consider the possible significance of the relationship between the SIX paragraphs of this, the THIRD transmission of the series of NINE (in total) Journal entries. Perhaps this is related to the Fibonacci series of organic growth forms? Only the Creator may start life afresh.

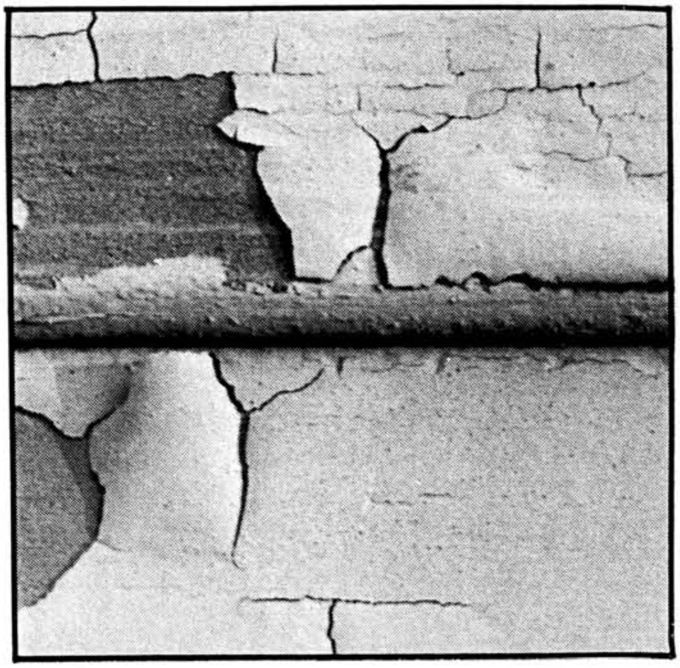
My body craves sleep. I will extinguish my light and return to this task when I awaken.

Regrettably all of the pages of Parts four and five have been welded together with what appears to be a glutinous organic material.

{One may only postulate the possible nature of this organic contaminant, if it is truly organic we choose to consider it Welk's blood, for that is the pattern to which his Cult's conditioned responses inevitably lead them. -edit by 4}

I choose not to disturb them, for I do not have the proper restoration equipment with me, (ironically the tools that I need are beside my medical kit under my cot). Praise the Creator.

Part six is prophecy! It is a vision of the impending Apocalypse, as it is revealed by Divine Inspiration through the instrument of a brave, stout-hearted, and infinitely good soul. The lengthy annotation of this Section reveals the sense of wonder that engulfed the recipients of this transmission when it was initially received. It grieves me to admit that I spilled my canteen on the last page (which contained the body of the annotation) and forever destroyed those carefully hand-written notes. If I may be so bold, I will rely on my memory of those beautiful words to paraphrase the annotator; "If we are to survive in our institution's co-ops, we must first sanitize them." (Manuscript: Section 6, Page 3) This seems to be a



logical, rational, and healthy view of methodologies by which cleanliness can be maximized and health hazards minimized in the daily workings of human architectonics. This was a particularly important consideration during the rise of Hubardianism, and the resulting pandemics (of which I have written earlier). I envision this wisdom being distributed through all learning centres before the pair-bonding and the house-holding began. Doubtless it was also included in the Holy Manuscript that Garvin Welk's Work was contained in. Like all true Religious tracts, it would have concentrated on the body as well as the spirit.

{The original annotation is now restored to clarify the context. It read: "I am also bothered, however, by the prospect of irreverent and controversial writing being sanitized by co-optation into the institutional framework." (Manuscript: Section 6, Page 3) **-edit by 4}**

I am very tired, so I will rest for a brief moment before I continue. It is rather difficult to maintain coherent grammatology.

Frustrated communications. Unable to make contact with others through their thick layers of psychic shielding, these characters wander the pages of fiction, impotent and alone. Forever condemned to repeat their mistakes for every reader who chances across these tales. (Manuscript: Section 7, Paragraph 1)

My mind reeled as I read, and re-read, the opening paragraph of the seventh dissertation. Garvin Welk is talking DIRECTLY to me. Through time itself, I feel the, hear the powerful voice in my mind. It centres me. I know it. I can feel his energy as it flows through my tainted blood. I understand the thought virus now.

It's all so clear, so painfully clear. When I woke and turned on the thin brown light I scraped my foot against the plexiform shielding. A viscous green-yellow flow issued forth from my ragged calf. Praise the Creator. I must sleep, I will resume after I rest.

The final section of edit 4's annotation of the commentary on the Welk Manuscript was partially destroyed in late 647. Only this short fragment remains (as it was confiscated before it could be destroyed). The missing pages, (the precise number of which is, as yet, unknown) form the foundation of modern 'Revelationist' currents of thought. This missing information undoubtably circulates by means of undergound networks. Thankfully, interpretations of the content differ and the organizations are unable to organize. For example, the Sodality of the Freeze are aware of six distinct rituals that involve the purification of an individual using induced brain-fevers. But many of their darker rites remain a mystery at this time. The recovered material begins midway through 4's final commentary.

...are extremely difficult to decipher for the narrator's penmanship was wretched, evidently the condition of his limb was bothering him. -edit by 4.

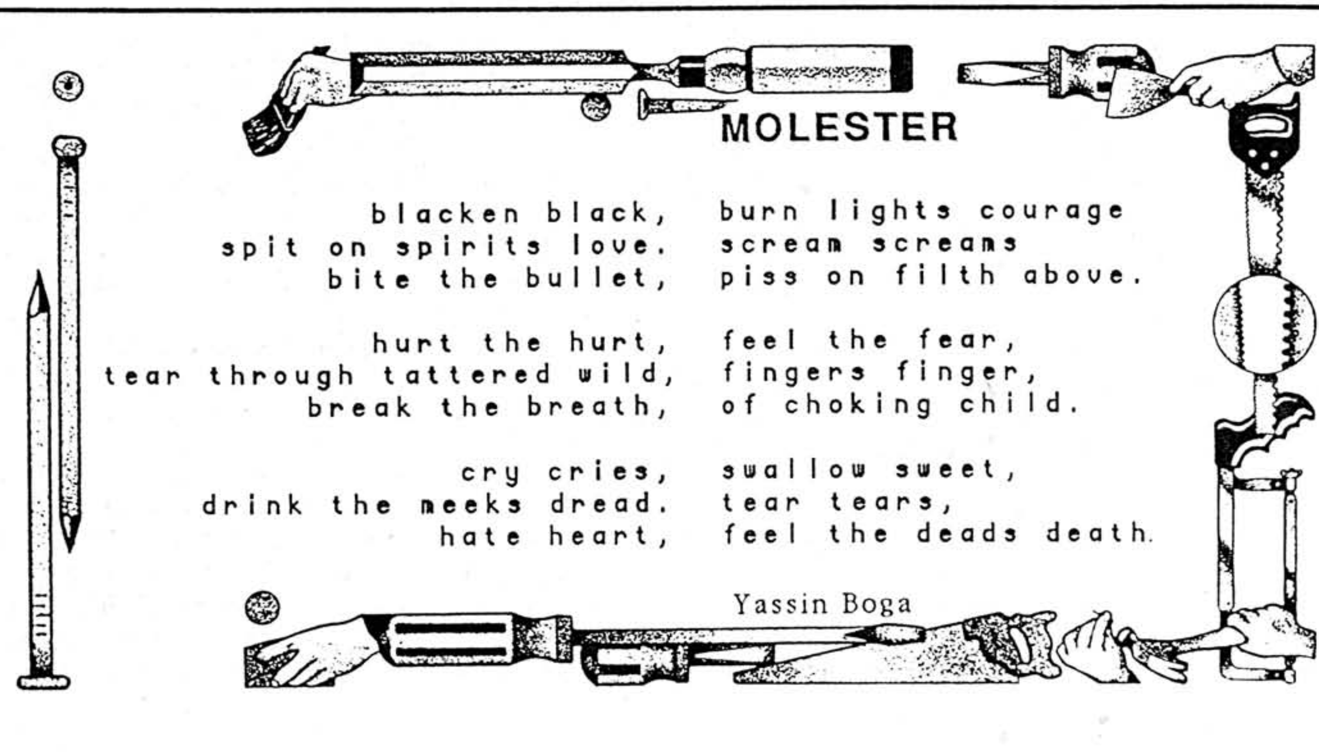
Our Creator whoa arts in I begin to no what was forget the false pain that when My Creator in Hir hunger how noble in reason and blood and oozing salvation illuminated Hellish limbs how express the angles dead fingers talk hath forgiven them all praise its Creator how like a god.

The Critics Respond

This is a simple and well-used theme made unnecessarily complicated by pompous and difficult language. Walter Miller Jr. tackled it uniquely and movingly in ***A Canticle for Liebowitz*** and I can't help feeling this story is derivative. The Prophet Hubard seems to be another Liebowitz. The story is far too dense - the reader not only has to decide what is going on but must also try and wade through the language to find out what the writer is actually SAYING. Simplify, simplify. A thin premise is only made shakier if hidden behind dense prose.

It reads like poor quality Doris Lessing. There is little plot, the character and setting are not well delineated. There is a certain ironic humour at the interpretation of the 20th Century, but this palls quickly.
Is consistent mis-spelling of Hubbard deliberate (avoiding an actionable text) or just a bad mistake?
"immortal remains" not "mortal remains"?
Needs work - interesting idea but not yet well realized.

Great title. Alas the story doesn't live up to it. Could perhaps be improved. I am confused as to who (or what) is editing what. What is Garvin's "text"? [unintelligible ed.] the narrative voice's (is this voice 4?) Who or what then intrudes into the single space sections? ie. how am I to read "edit by 4"? The 'voice' of the narrator (annotator?) shifts too much, so that the unity of its beliefs isn't maintained clearly enough. I think it should be more consistent (& played straight throughout). In other words, the concept of the thing interested me, but the actual working out of it kept getting in the way of my enjoyment.



MOLESTER

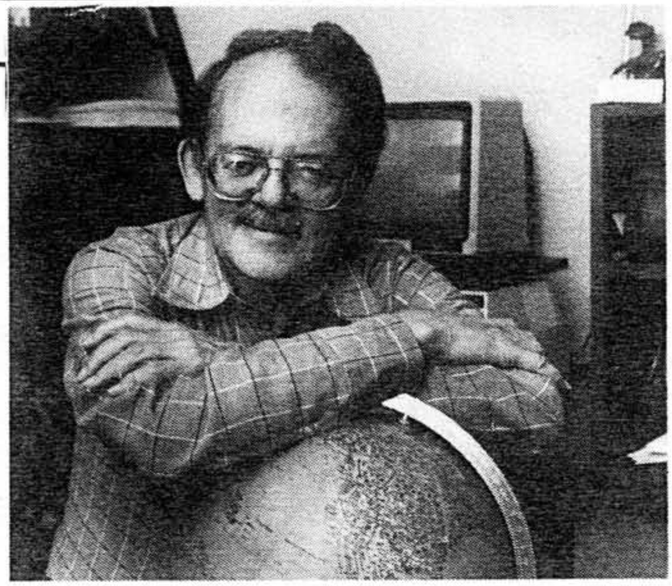
blacken black, burn lights courage
spit on spirits love. scream screams
bite the bullet, piss on filth above.

hurt the hurt, feel the fear,
tear through tattered wild, fingers finger,
break the breath, of choking child.

cry cries, swallow sweet,
drink the meeks dread. tear tears,
hate heart, feel the deads death.

Yassin Boga

Canada's Information Man



Frank Ogden

IF YOU'RE SOMEONE WHO likes to hold on to the past, Frank Ogden is a man you want to avoid.

Vancouver-based Ogden's sole business is information and he's using it to destroy the myths of industry he says are killing our economy. "North American industry and values are outdated relics of the past because information isn't properly utilized on this continent," says Ogden.

"Either you embrace the enormous technological and social changes happening to us all or you'll be swamped by them."

Arthur C. Clarke, the science fiction author and scientist has called Ogden the world's greatest collector of information — and for good reason.

From his communications headquarters on an electronic houseboat, Ogden's company, 21st Century Media Communications, monitors 196 satellite stations and has access to more than 2,000 data bases worldwide.

Ogden is also a hit on the speakers circuit, with his message to businesspeople, teachers, and others about how technology affects them. And he syndicates a newspaper and radio column called Dr. Tomorrow.

His business concept is deceptively simple. He provides an inexpensive way for companies and individuals to keep up with news that flows from the satellites in geostationary orbit above the equator.

His staff distills and analyzes more than 15,000 programs a month carried by satellite.

"If a company can get the jump on the competition with news of research, products, back-room politics, markets, and technology from around the world," says the puckish Ogden, "it will be a winner."

Because of robotics, traditional Canadian industries such as forestry, farming, mining, fisheries, and health industries are targeted for massive changes, he says

Ceramic homes

One example is ceramic homes. Now manufactured in Japan, these fireproof, earthquake-proof and energy efficient homes are constructed in 2.5 hours to owner specifications at the same cost as traditional homes. Imagine how these homes will effect home insurance, mortgage rates, building trades, and utilities.

"If you're in any of these businesses, wouldn't you like to know in advance that your life will change?"

Everyone has the ability to keep up with technological change, he says. "It's a matter of attitude and having information. The future is bright for those willing to seize new opportunities in the information age."

"EVERYTHING IN LIFE IS INTERCONNECTED AND THE LINK IS INFORMATION"

Frank Ogden presents the laws of the future

Frank Ogden is the only business consultant to be featured in *Virus 23,* but after all, he has more to talk about than how corporate managers ought to restructure their businesses. Ogden is a futurist, and his primary emphasis is how the behaviors of individuals, businesses, and governments must change to adapt to a rapidchanging world. Below you will find the Laws he believes ought to govern the way we think and behave now and in the future. To these you can add a general admonition to be open minded, self-reliant and flexible. Even futurists can't predict everything (critics would say, anything), and the individual is Hir greatest resource in unknown circumstances.

Ogden lives on a houseboat, Xanada-Canada, in Vancouver Harbour. For all practical purposes, this is the centre of the planet; from here he has the capability to monitor 196 satellite stations and 2000 databases around the world. His company, 21st Century Media Communications, provides information gleaned from these sources to anyone who can afford it. (He is a businessman - don't forget it.) His equipment includes satellite dishes, seven TVs, five VCRs, a computer, a video floppy disc recorder, and several shortwave radios. Just in case you don't know, a video floppy disc recorder makes digitized stills from video images. Ogden also lives with two robots that fetch his morning paper and coffee, and do other mundane tasks.

This man's illustrious past includes involvement in LSD experiments in the 1960s, and studying voodoo in Haiti. The latter experience provided Ogden with insight relevant to all of human history: "Everything in life is interconnected, and the link is information. Voodoo priests got their information through a hierarchy of gods; we get ours through a hierarchy of technology."

OGDEN'S LAWS *

[FIRST APPEARED IN THE ELECTRONIC ANTHOLOGY *LESSONS FROM THE FUTURE* VOL. X]

THE LAW OF UNINTENDED RESULTS:

"Any law, rule regulation or sanction conceived with industrial age thinking reverses itself in a communications age environment."

OGDEN'S SECOND LAW

"Intuition, or the alpha state, rather than logic, is the more likely route to creativity, innovation, discovery and new age thinking."

OGDEN'S THIRD LAW

"Governments are becoming increasingly irrelevant. They can no longer protect their citizens against terrorism at home or abroad, guard their borders against illegal immigrants, defend their currency, their technology or the jobs of their citizens. And, they have failed to create a shield against the environmental degradation and vast cultural changes now sweeping unhindered across their borders."

OGDEN'S FOURTH LAW

"The ability of small groups to stop any activity greatly exceeds the power of large groups to get something moving."

OGDEN'S FIFTH LAW

"The American Constitution is wrong; all people are not created equal. Modern brain wave equipment, such as the PET (Position Emission Tomographic), the MRI (Magnetic Resonance Image) and the new QSI (Quantified Signal Imaging) scanners, show that brain capacity of individuals varies widely. These machines are indicating that recordable organic differences in the human brain may be responsible for much of the violence, crime, illness, erratic political decisions and financial crises encountered in today's world."

The brain atlas will replace the resume for job applicants of the future.

OGDEN'S SIXTH LAW

"When we enter a new environment the quantity of new information can evoke not only change but transformation!"

OGDEN'S SEVENTH LAW

"Countries can no longer expect to manage their own economies. That control is now in the hands of external forces and variables over which they have no authority. The same applies to municipalities, cities and states or provinces."

OGDEN'S EIGHTH LAW

"As the marketplace globalizes in an information age environment, so do the cultures of those countries participating in that marketplace.

Economic and cultural transfers are similar to genetic transfers in the organic world. The net effect to a greater or lesser degree becomes permanent."

OGDEN'S NINTH LAW

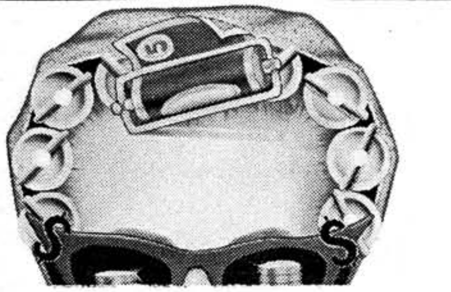
"In times of panic, chaos or rapid change, the bizarre rapidly becomes acceptable."

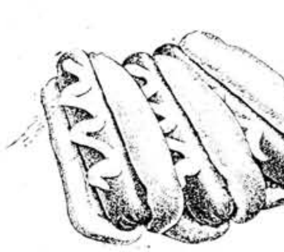
OGDEN'S TENTH LAW

"Travelling to the future is like any other trip. It is hard to know all about the destination until you arrive."

FRANK OGDEN
Updated October 1988, aboard "Xanada-Canada", Vancouver Harbor, British Columbia, Canada.

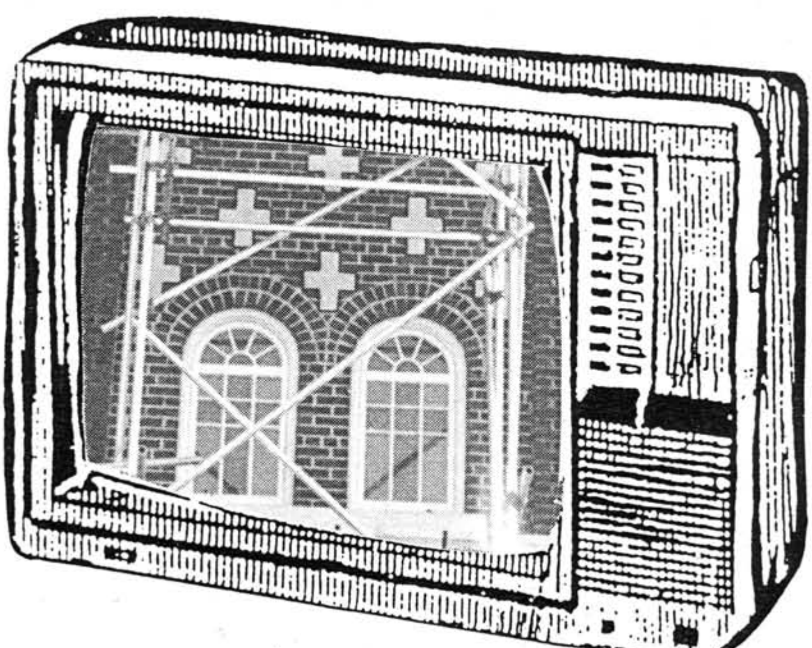
For further information about Frank, contact: Contemporary Communications Ltd., 2605 Alma Street., Vancouver, BC. V6R 3S1, (604) 224-2384







TELEVISION MAGICK



Television is one of the most visible components of modern society. Its influence is both profound and inescapable. How strange, then, that modern-day writers on magick have almost universally ignored it in their discussions of contemporary magickal theory! The power of television exists and is being tapped by others, whether the magician chooses to use it herself or not. It seems that the latent potential of television in all forms of sorcery could be used to great effect for a variety of ritual, divinatory and symbolic mnemonic purposes.

Like it or not, TELEVISION EXISTS. It is being used by the great powers that be to influence the opinions, habits and actions of a great percentage of Earth's population. The truly modern magician/shaman ignores this force at her own peril.

This booklet is based on writings sent to Thee Temple ov Psychick Youth over the last year and a half. It represents research and suggestions by around fifty people. Though this is, by statistical standards, a very small sampling, it is, to the best of our knowledge, the first time that a text on practical magick has been assembled based on input from a large number of people, rather than on the opinion of one individual or the "official" teachings of one group or organization. If it appears to lack continuity, it is because it is of many voices. It is also the first attempt to systematically explore the practical and theoretical implications of Television Magick.

As editor of this booklet, I have tried wherever possible to stick to mere editing and organizing of the format and continuity of this booklet. However, as I have read through all of the material submitted, I was, perhaps, able to gain a broader perspective than the contributors. I became aware of a particular bias that most of them seemed to share, and have decided to write a section that will, hopefully, give this text far broader perspectives and implications than it might otherwise have had.

This booklet is a beginning. There is much more work and research to be done. It is hoped that this rough start will spark enough interest, controversy and dialogue to warrant expansion in the near future. This book is the first, not the last, word on Television Magick.

Finally, I want to thank all those who, in the final analysis, really wrote this booklet. They know who they are, many will recognize their words and results here. This booklet is the product of the work and genius of many, and any credit for this work belongs to them, not the editor. This book shows that collaboration, communication, and networking WORK. On this rock we have built our church. Feel free to write us and comment in any way.

TELEVISION IS A LANGUAGE

Like other disciplines, television has a unique language. Many of its technical terms have been borrowed from cinematography. Others are unique to TV. The language of advertising and newscasting are also unique to this medium. We see and hear grammatical faux pas that would put any self-respecting newspaper out of business! If one explores the structure and meaning behind many of these terms, a unique insight into the inner workings of television can be gained.

The one term that I feel is of the greatest importance in a magickal context is EDITING. It must be fairly obvious to any TV viewer that a lot more work goes into a television program than setting up a couple of cameras and videotaping away. Much more time must be spent editing the various shots to project a form of CONTINUITY. The final televised version you watch may be the product of hours of discarded footage. Thus, the editor actually has more REAL control over the version you see than any other person involved in the production. Editing is a form of BIAS.

It might be interesting for a moment to consider magick, particularly ritual, as a form of editing. Like a good television editor, a magician strives for some form of continuity in his program, or life. By emphasizing desired aspects, the magician tries to edit out, or banish, unwanted footage from her life. Any idiot can shoot great footage, only a master can edit it all so it makes sense to a viewer late on. This could be used as a modern alchemical allegory.

Advertising jargon is designed to penetrate to the subconscious mind, to cause a person to do something they might not do otherwise. So this language might be appropriated by a magician to use as a mantra, or maybe she could actually shoot an advertisement for a specific desire. She could videotape objects and/or people that symbolized this desire to her, edited in with footage of her achieving said desire. Then she could do a voice-over of some type of slogan similar to those heard on TV ads. This advertisement could then be recorded in between a series of regular advertisements and stuck in the middle of a home-video tape, say a favorite movie. Thus Austin Spare's notion of



forgetfulness, the concept that a desire must be forgotten before it can be fulfilled, is adhered to. Just the amount of time and energy devoted to the production of such an advertisement would seem to guarantee its efficacy.

INTRODUCTION

Television seems to form a psychick scaffolding when used actively as opposed to zombie consumption. Its technology emphasizes components, and the psychick structures it produces have a systematic feel that reflects this emphasis: Multi-channels, Commercials, Electronic Components, Blackout, Station Identification, Test patterns, Edits, Computer graphics, Pixels, Mixing, Model Variations, Scanning, Tracking, VCR/VTR, etc....

What is the intelligence of these configurations telling us? Remember that quantum mechanics with its formula of indeterminacy is crucial to the technology of television.

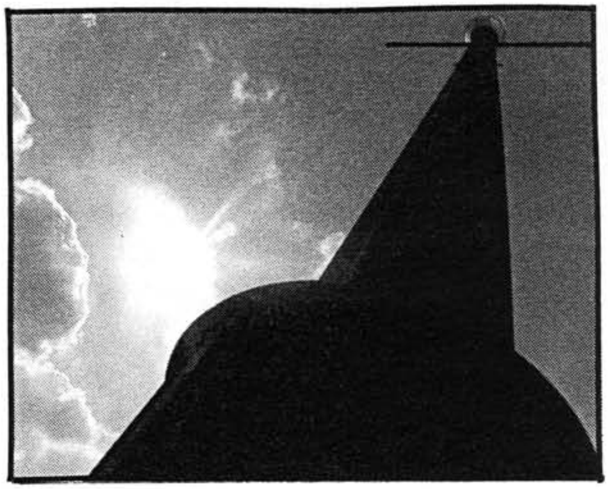
To take part in the TV experience as defined by normal network standards one must accept a passive role. Excluded from the life and breath of these so-called events. This produces the strange alienation of the voyeur. This in itself is not "bad", it's the way they make it seem as if there are no other possibilities. No questions please!

Spellbound/Hypnoteased are we. Always going away without the fulfillment of our desire (as promised?). Searching hopeless. But the product we seek is not our desire. The process is a door to our desires. The TV set is process- not product. What is "put through" it is known as "programming".

TV as magick/ TV is Magick. Buttons, switch, channel, remote control, video. Yes, modern magickal lingo. The symbols of a new form of incantation/ spell/ ritual. Daily, millions of people take part in a ritual of acceptance, passivity and the giving away of freedom/responsibility (the ability to respond...).

TV must also work through subliminal and vibrational avenues. The accumulated data and effect of the existence (exit stance) of televisions everywhere continually going. Who knows what this is producing? The constant and relentless reinFORCEment of alien orders?

To de-program is to "stop the World". TV is a tool for use or abuse, as are all the tools/toys of our time. What is powerful for control is also powerful for the individual. Resistance is not necessary, no need to run away. Turn on, tune in, drop out. Imagination will set you free. Stopping a world of conditioned behavior. No fight, step off the merry go round... A rejection of TV is no use to me. Integration of TV is a way to free your mind's eye. TV is. We are. Imagine yourself. If you can see it in your mind's eye, you can see it in the TV eye.



INTEGRATION FOR REALIZATION -
RIOT IN THEE EYE

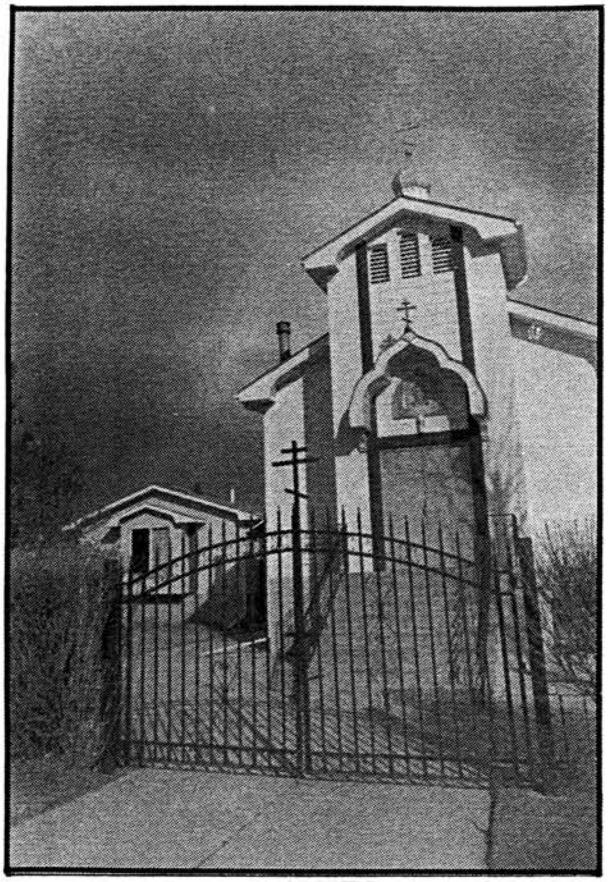
The mind is trained to learn by example, not exhortation. To properly influence behavior, Control does not plead and demand to people 'please do as we say'. They simply show others doing so and receiving praise/ prize. A dash of the herd mentality and there you go.

I believe the roots of this magickal mystery lie in the masking of the real purpose of "art". It is not now, and has never been mere entertainment. TV/ video/ cinema is but an extension of the ancient cave drawings. Music's history is equally old and rooted in ritual. When we can understand and work with this process, then we can begin to re-claim lost parts of our ancient and eternal selves, lost in the process of "programming". We can free ourselves with the very tool of our oppression.

TV is powerful because of the way it engages the senses. The sight and the sound. It comes on like a dream. You are caught in an alternate reality. The key, however, being that it is not supposed to be one of your own choice or creation. We are left speechless in the face of our lack, our passivity, our confusion. Unable to articulate the experience except for the smallest of details. Are we still trapped in someone's bad dreams?

TV as raw experience. If it is true that dreams are experienced as "real", then TV must also put us into/ through a similar state of consciousness.

Video. Here the overwhelming power of TV can be transformed into a tool for anyone. This seems like a bit of trouble for the powers that be. They cannot cut us off because they are dependent on us! Not the other way around as they like to think. So their survival depends on their ability to confuse, manipulate, divert, divide/ conquer and control people. They use TV to push a philosophy of passivity. But the very fact that they MUST push contains the seed of their destruction. We can turn the situation upside down, and live OUR dreams.



TV AS MAGICK AND RELIGION

Is the deification and worship of technology an excusable response to the automation of human perception? During the Harmonic Convergence one New Ager took a television set with her to the top of Mt. Shasta, and then stunned the other observers by announcing that the image of an angel had manifested on the screen. The next day, before a large media conglomeration, a repairman reactivated the phenomenon and explained that it was due to a simple mechanical defect. Press and skeptics ate the story up with glee, but a pertinent point was missed. Who cares whether this videoized vision was caused by an otherworldly being, an unconscious group-will force or a shorted wire? Is not the human neuro-structure, by which sensory data is received, but a complex system of wiring and basic automated processes? Spontaneous visual hallucination used to be a purely human characteristic....

The future utilization of TV to transmit spiritual experience is an inevitable Reality.

Our all-encompassing environment, which used to be Nature, has become technology. Before Judeo-Christianity all of Western man's religions were quite understandably based on his environment. Now that we have outgrown a flawed spiritual framework far removed from the principles of physical experience (and much worse off as a result), why not return to a religion more direct and in touch with the human condition? Because our environment is now self-created? Ah, but that is to be the hook of this new world faith... Evolution is gracing us with the powers of Creation and Destruction we once projected onto our gods, or perhaps we are just realizing them latent within our psyches, the restless energies responsible for the seed of all spiritual thought... And so the medium is, indeed, the message.

Through these information and communication technologies humanity has taken its most subjective inner experiences and offered them up replicated into the mass "meme pool" of perceptual stimuli. In doing so we have structured a gestalt of human reality, partially bridging the vast chasms between each universe of consciousness commonly known as a person. Actually we have recreated (in its own image...) the Gestalt, for accepting either the spiritual notion of ultimate Unity, or the quantum energy grid of modern physics, we are beyond temporal impressions: all is one Network of Being. In other words, we have unconsciously but faithfully fulfilled (in our own little way) the creative principle within us by embodying its essence and carrying it forth. In one respect, TV sets and hi-fi stereos have accomplished in a few years what organized religion has been striving toward for thousands.

Imagine a Video Tarot- workable as soon as the technology of "shuffling" separate sequences is available. How many more corresponding attributions and possibilities for subjective impressions will be instantly at our grasp in a short video-effects segment than in a small playing card? Imagine TV Ritual. The point of ceremony in spiritual traditions, exo- and esoteric, is to trigger inner experience through extraordinary sensory input. The potential of today's visual media for revolutionizing this ancient transformative art, their technical advances making possible both the creation of virtually any image- and their accessibility to anyone- is obvious. And, of course, the technology will only improve, forging new pathways....

It is true that these communication systems are, for the most part, effecting today the polar opposite of enlightenment. This condition has provided some rare opportunities, however. Televisions are incredibly prolific. Most of the population is used to watching them for long periods of time. From an evolutionary perspective, this can be seen as "easing in" to a more vital project. Today's "living room" has become a TV viewing room, as is evident by the placement of the set and the rest of the furniture in relation to it; an objective observer would probably assume these devices fulfill a religious function already. The notion of "TV as altar" is not new but once again becomes relevant. We enshrine our video consoles the way we used to enshrine our god-images....

In the cathode ray then, may be the Channel we must find. A true network to tune in, the remote control of an infinite, viewing its illusory passion plays on a plane of static radiation- are WE the image on the screen?



TV SNOW

Here television's application as a type of subconscious mirror for scrying is exposed. This type of working, as well as its use in cut-ups, were the main ideas that were sent in to us. There is much more to be explored though....

An important task in contemporary magick is redefining psychick uses of existing structures. Seemingly abandoned locations such as TV snow can be taken over and used by the magician. A psychick graffiti zone. Infiltrate community channels, using night-time filler shows, such as one consisting of a camera taking a complete journey on a subway train can be salvaged for use in ritual.

The impression I get from TV snow images is that they may form a consistent language with a specific vocabulary of images due to the limited parameters of TV (as opposed to the structures of dreams) and the repetitiveness of the images. Are these images the same to people in completely different circumstances?

Basically what I do is tune in to a non-broadcasting channel and stare at the "snow", trying to look at one point, usually near the centre of the screen. After a time, moving patterns start to emerge from the "snow", sort of like spinning mandalas, or large colonies of black ants dancing circuitously into their burrow... eventually I begin to see several layers of things going on behind this... I can focus on any one layer, but not for long, as there is so much info... it's rather like watching five or six films projected one on top of the other (in layers) and trying to pick out one film. I can see topographical landscapes going by very quickly as if flying over a continent. Deserts and sparse vegetation seem to be prevalent. Also scenes from everyday life- houses, people, cars etc..

Groups of people dancing and twirling, columns of marching men... it's an awful lot like the dreamachine with eyes open. To stop all images all I have to do is refocus my eyes on some other part of the room.

The TV snow hallucinations seem very connected to the current regular programming. Many of the images and moods seem like the original templates of the programming.

Here's something I've done with TVs. It's not new or original (WE found it to be -ed.), but I've had fun with it and so have some of my friends, especially in altered states. Turn on a TV to a non-transmitting channel. Adjust the contrast, colour and tint to a desired setting. Then add a strobe light. The strobe helps to speed up the process and makes everything a bit weirder. Also that warped warbelling sound the stations transmit before going over to static can help bend your mind, especially if you turn it on full blast and let go.

Heavily amplified TV audio static seems to a particularly enriched form of white noise (all frequencies combined). Audio hallucinations can become quite complex- the audio equivalent of TV snow.

A M B I E N T TELEVISION

If television has a unique ability to penetrate our subconscious, how can the individualist regain control over it? One possible solution is to render it trivial. Things are most easily trivialised through such frequent repetition that they become commonplace. A television left on long enough becomes furniture, not entertainment! Stacks of televisions all tuned to a different channel make it impossible to concentrate on a single linear program, one finds that one's eyes roam from set to set. And this with as few as three sets.

I took one black and white TV set: CONTRAST, VERTICAL HOLD, HORIZONTAL HOLD, PERMUTATED, IMAGE TRIPLED

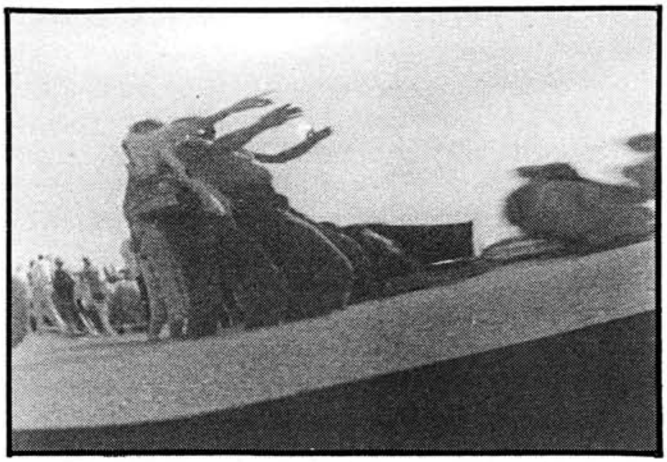
The constant flickering image, constantly changing. The Magick moments, when captured, can be visually stimulating. When stared into, colours appear. Hues of blue, green, yellow and red. In the dark, back to the set, the flickering light produces rapid strobe-like SHADOWS. Maybe this can be compared to the DREAMACHINE (if I can be so bold).

My set is placed in one corner of my bedroom. It has been running continuously for over two years, never shut off.

TUNE the vertical, horizontal and contrast so that it appears that only one-third of the image is visible. Actually the whole image is there, tripled, each overlapping.

With eyes open, the picture can be amusing and amazing. My set is tuned to the local religious channel (LA channel 30). Not to be sacrilegious, that's too easy, but that's where the most interesting pictures are, scriptures typed on the screen permutate, the X-tian cross tripled becomes Psychick.

I applied the DREAMACHINE method (eyes closed)- the connection being FLICKER. My first attempts were fruitless. Then one day I could see. A strange sense of depth was noticed, as if I was viewing from the back of my head out to my eyelids. The whirling picture seemed to engulf my head, the only colours noticed were grey and blue. This doesn't work all the time, it seems the harder I try the less I see. Utilize the brightness control too. Some side effects- my eyelids twitched a lot at first (cathode ray interference?) and a slight headache.



TELEVISION CUT-UPS

Camouflage. If you live in a city with access to cable with many stations, the cut-up produced by flicking through all of the channels will often appear to be following your train of thought, as if trying to keep up with you by feeding back symbols appropriate to your present thought. Using association blocks to create a bridge between your thoughts and the flow of imagery. TV watching often becomes emotionally intense during this procedure. (Also putting only the soundtrack of TV, without the visuals, through a stereo can provide valuable insights into the camouflage of Control TV). Flow.

Is the image more real than we? Cut it up, let's see.

We are starting to tape specific commercials and parts of programs which could be psychically stimulating one way or another...

A VCR is helpful to fast-forward and review and edit all the way around. Similar to Cabaret Voltaire but of your own design. If you can get several screens, put on each the most warped, weirded-out images you can find or get on video and zone out on all the stimuli. The weirder the better. The addition of music equally as bizarre, and you only add to the experience.

Television and video are ideally suited for the cut-up method, incorporating as they do, both the milieu of sound and visuals. It is interesting to interchange the audio and video portions of two or more different programs and watch the conflicting messages you are then exposed to. Which sense do you assign more validity to?

Cut-ups of video can be of great use in ritual too. If something is desired, you can record various images of it from television. When you have "captured" enough raw images, proceed to cut them up, splicing the images together, randomly, either with the original soundtracks, random soundtracks from other raw footage, or with a special soundtrack of your own device. This could also be randomly cut in with footage of yourself attaining your desire either symbolically or as working toward your goal. I find it very important in video sigils to have images of myself included in the footage. This serves to personalize the video, to take the power latent in video away from the big corporations and consecrate it to ME.

By flicking the channels around, one often gets an impression of synchronicity, that the audio signals one receives are, in some sense, inter-related with one's actions and/ or feelings in REAL TIME. This feeling is further heightened when multiple televisions are used, when the television putting out the audio is blacked out, and a TV tuned to another station is being viewed.

Most people utilize their televisions in a very rigid, linear way. They tune in one specific channel and watch passively. But if one begins to view the TV as a mirror, useful both for scrying (astral) and divinatory ("fortune telling") purposes, one will find that much of the "bad-vibe" associated with television is dissipated, and can even be turned around to become a potent shamanic ally. Cut-up TV is decontrolled TV, is big business castrated of its control patterns, the patterns through which we as viewers/ consumers are manipulated. Through the breakup of these patterns, we are able to free the airwaves of their inherent OBJECTIVITY, and reclaim them as subjective reflections of our own thoughts.

One of the biggest complaints about current television is that it allows for no participation by the viewer. It is soporific in that it offers no challenges or ambiguities to a watcher. Even complex issues such as the Middle East are reduced to one and a half minute "stories". The current half-hour to one-hour format of traditional television programming allows for no real character development or subtleties of plot. The characters, even on a "quality" program like Hill Street Blues, are hopelessly shallow in comparison to even the most shallow people in "real life". The cut-up method offers a childishly simple means of re-introducing abstraction and subjectivity; DEPTH- back into a media notorious for its lack thereof.

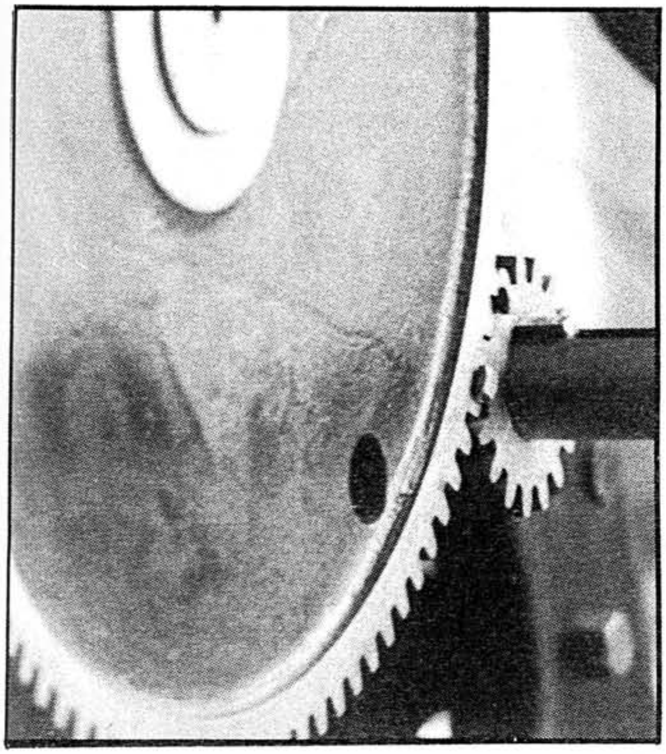
TV RITUAL– SETS AND SCRIPTS

As has already been mentioned, a lot more goes into a television program than the final edited version we watch. A set is constructed. A set could be compared to a Temple, or thee Nursery. It is a place designed with a particular function in mind, in the case of TV sets, usually to create an illusion. All ritual spaces are sets in a way. They are created to perform a specific purpose, and are constructed with that

purpose in mind. If you notice the set on a TV sitcom, for example, you can notice the tedious attention to detail- a small stack of unanswered mail on the mantelpiece, all the cooking utensils on the countertops, a little bit of dirt on the floor (they're only human...). This is done to complete the illusion that this set, in reality a movable plywood shell, is somebody's home.

It is with exactly this attention to detail that the magician constructs her ritual space. She knows that if any detail remains to remind her of the so-called mundane aspects of her life, her ritual will lose much of its power.

Once the set is constructed, a production crew needs a STORYBOARD. This is a series of drawings which plot out both the movements of the characters and the zooms, pans, and angles of the various cameras. The verbal "lines" of the actors, as well as any music or other sound effects, are written out or described on the bottom of each board.



Thus, each portion of a scene is meticulously plotted out, in such a way that each member of the crew can see her role in the production.

Anyone who has ever read magickal instructions for a ritual, such as a Gnostic Mass, will recognize that a grimoire is essentially a storyboard. However, a storyboard is much more effective as a mnemonic device as it describes the "plot" not only verbally, but also visually. Each sequence is described in terms of the "actors", the "observers" (or cameras) and the accompanying sounds of speech.

It can be extremely useful to plot out a ritual in a storyboard format. First, it allows no room for ambiguity as to who is to do what when. It also allows the magician to see her ritual from the perspective of a camera, a bird's eye view if you will, of exactly what will be happening. It allows for far greater considerations into the aesthetical aspects of the "production", placing a greater emphasis on symmetry and staging. A good ritual is similar to a good TV program- it causes a "suspension of disbelief" vital to creating change. It must create an illusion, to make something possible that, without good staging, would not be plausible.

Say you want to make money. Create a set that looks like a bank vault, or a giant hundred dollar bill. Videotape a gorgeous man rolling around in a pile of play money (need not be real, only green, if you are from the US). The magician can make this man, rather than the money, the object of her desire. The money is already subliminally associated to the man through the video shot. A brief narration can be voiced over, or an evocative song, you could even invent some sort of dialogue, perhaps the man could be lustfully moaning the magician's name and his desire for her.

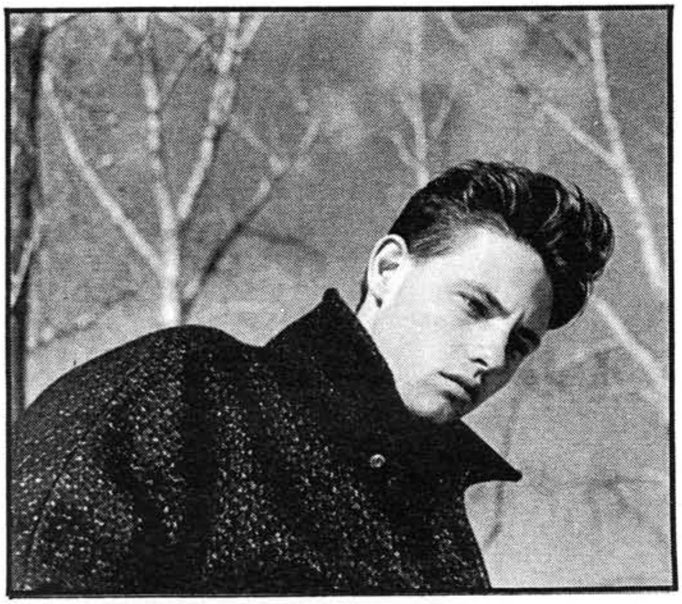
A technique I have used is to use the presence of a camera to prolong the agony, as it were, of a sexual working. As you excite each part of a partner's body, take a break to videotape that particular spot, both before and during stimulation. You'll be amazed at how sensuous it is to caress your lover with the camera's eye, you can zoom in on your favorite features at will, pause to excite a part and videotape the result. A body can become a vast mysterious landscape, and the act of lust becomes a Hollywood feature. It can also be used later as an excellent link (see "Formulating Links" in Intuitive Magick) to either mentally recreate the moment, or to draw the lover closer again.

The sense of detachment from an event, which one might even be participating in oneself, is one of the oddest phenomena of video I have yet encountered. One literally becomes a voyeur into ones' own life and actions. Videotaping a ritual is nearly synonymous with objectivity.

And these, admittedly unrefined, examples need not be the end of it. The videotape could then be put on a TV set and played back as a centrepiece for a more traditional money-making ritual. The possibilities are unexplored, therefore endless. And it can go on and on, continually videotaping layer after layer of superimposed videotape ritual until one finally has on one tape the accumulated documentation of perhaps dozens of individual rituals, or shoots.

This process is analogous to the old alchemical principle of "solve et coagula" of constantly sublimating (note the similarity to subliminal, a major factor in subconscious recall) originally base matter into "gold".

Indeed, given the power that TV seems to exert over people and their lives, the alchemical maxim "as above, so below" takes on a whole new meaning. She who rules the airwaves, rules the minds of men....



THE LANGUAGE OF ADVERTISING

As mentioned earlier, television is a language of its own. The real "content" of television is not in the programs, they are merely "bait" to get us to watch the ubiquitous advertisements. It almost seems as though TV programs are deliberately made as dull and unchallenging as possible, to lull us into a sort of hypnotic trance, so that we are thus rendered more susceptible to the commercials. Commercials have their own unique language too, and an amazing amount of research has been done into what sorts of advertising strategies are most likely to persuade us.

It might be useful to take a look at some of the factors in advertising that have been found to influence consumers; Information Content; Brand/ Product Identification; Setting; Visual and Auditory Devices; Promises, Appeals and Propositions; Tone/ Atmosphere; Comparisons; Music and Dancing; Structure and Format; Characters; and Timing and Counting Measures (for example, length or number of times the brand name is shown or mentioned).

Many of these methods are very reminiscent of old ceremonial magick rituals, for an excellent cross reference too lengthy to get into here, see Magick in Theory and Practice by Aleister Crowley, Chapter 2. The main thrust of my argument is that advertising jargon IS a magickal language. It CAN be used to affect or program the subconscious mind. Advertisements are constructed in exactly the same way that rituals are, using mnemonic devices very similar to the qabalah. I do not consider this to be a theory- I take it to be a fact. If you have any doubts about this basic assumption, go to your library and read through some books on tele-marketing techniques.

Start watching advertisements. Pay close attention to the logic of them. You will begin to notice that hardly any of them really make any logical sense. A typical example; Everyone knows that oxitone fights cavities. Crust toothpaste has oxitone, so it has the power to keep cavities away. Now it has not been actually stated that oxitone does in fact, fight cavities- you are led to think that you are stupid for NOT knowing this. It is also not stated HOW MUCH oxitone it takes to fight cavities. Nor is the extent of this "cavity fighting" ever defined. So we are left with a total non-sequitur. What, at first appearance, is a very informative advertisement turns out, on closer examination, to say absolutely nothing. It is a conjuror's trick, a sleight of hand manoeuvre.

It is in this realm of tricking the subconscious into accepting the impossible as FACT that the traditional magician has always worked. And, although Madison Avenue may have updated the language and hardware, the essential technique, philosophy, and approach would be very familiar to any magician of the past. A contemporary magician, if she has any desire to be such in anything other than name alone, would do well to learn how to apply these updated methods of subconscious persuasion to her ritual methods. Many of them are supported by the latest research into psychology and neurolinguistics, as well as proving their effectiveness through consumer response.

A lot of money goes into marketing research. SOMEBODY must be getting results from this form of magick.

VIDEO FRAGMENTS

Video Magick warrants a whole book on its own. It definitely deserves a great deal more attention. Hopefully you, the reader/critic will send us more research in the near future so that this project can be done justice to. We only received one observation about the technical magick of video, it is, obviously only the tip of the iceberg....

Get or rent a video camera, one that has a negative/ reversal switch on it so that you can make the picture negative. Point the camera at the TV screen while monitoring. You will discover an astral tunnel in black and white. Now turn the camera ever so slightly and observe! With practice you can see every geometric pattern under and in the sun- an almost infinite variety of symbols, all fluctuating, all changing constantly. The effect is enhanced even more if you if you turn the colour up to high contrast during the experiment. By various spinning methods (ie. rotating the camera as if the lens were a pivot) and very slight adjustments of the zoom lens you will have hours and hours of mesmerized fun and trance. Video feedback has another application. Take a small picture, no bigger than 10% of your total screen area, and stick it onto your TV screen. In this manner, you can immediately add visual images to the splendorous kaleidoscope of colours, and these images will also feed back infinitely. You have to see this effect to believe it. Why it has never been used in promotional videos, especially in the '60's, I will never know....

This technique sounds as if it would lend itself perfectly to the Sigil Process, a symbol ov desire being placed on the screen and multiplied by video feedback. A hypnotic aid to concentration. Also, favorite patterns and configurations could easily be videotaped and saved for documentation as well as future rituals.

CONCLUSION

All that can really be said to sum up is that Television Magick is certainly an area of the occult deserving of closer attention and much more research. Hopefully, this modest beginning will be enlarged upon through experiments and communication inspired by this first effort. Reading through this booklet it is obvious that we have not even properly scratched the surface.

Sincere thanks must be given to those who offered input into this project- we hope that this pamphlet will encourage more of you to send in your research and results in this fascinating new area of the occult.



TELEVISION MAGICK

This booklet is intended as information. Poets don't own words, neither do magicians! The information contained here *should* be distributed as widely as possible. It may be printed without any permission in magazines, etc., as long as TOPY US's address is clearly printed with it. We ask that it not be offered for sale on its own by any person or organization, but feel free to xerox and give it away. Please send us two free copies of any magazine that reprints "TV Magick".

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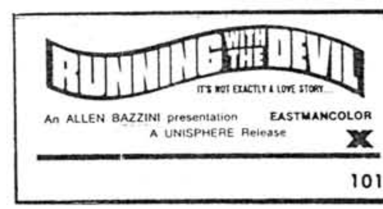


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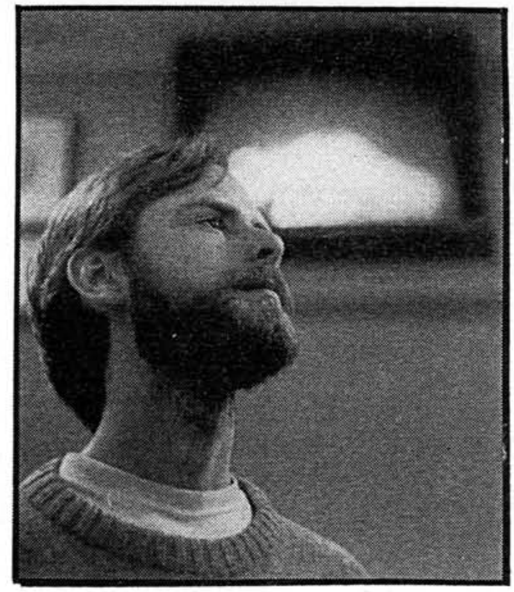
running with the devil.

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SHAWN PINCHBECK

"Early efforts included stints with ***Chornomitze's Cat***, ***Thee Dogmatic Foundation***, ("People were pretty freaked out. The guitarist couldn't play, so we gave him two distortion pedals so anything he played sounded great,"), and *His Arm Was Her Leg*, pairing Pinchbeck with Steven Huss, lately of *Psyche* .

Last year's cassette release ***WILD CATS!*** sold modestly, although the material drew attention to his sequencer and noise-fuelled experimentation. One song featured gory aural excerpts from the shock flick ***Texas Chainsaw Massacre***."- Gene Kosowan writing for the **Alberta Recording Industry Association** trade paper.

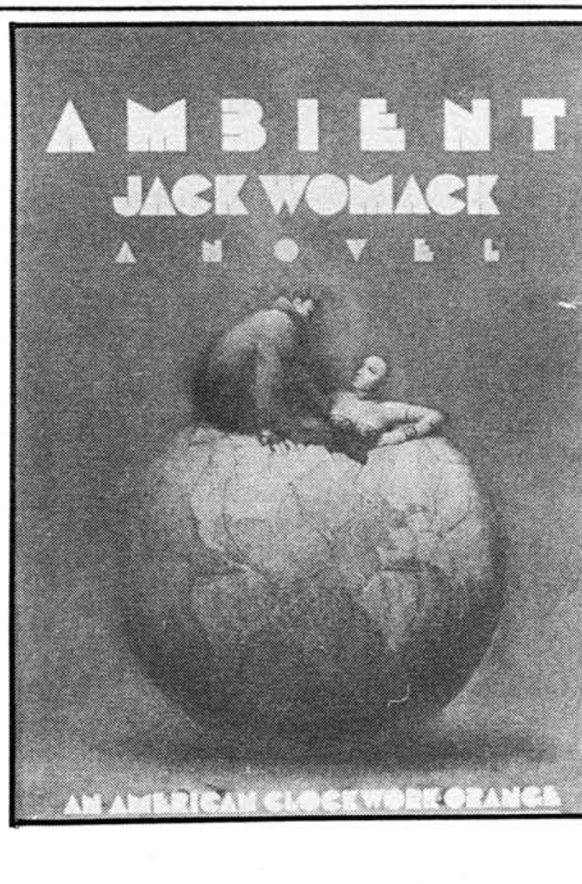
Shawn speaks: "I describe myself as a 'non-musician'. I have no musical training whatsoever. I think of a musician as someone who has trained for half of their life to play a particular instrument, piano, trombone, violin etc., they deserve that distinction. I have called myself 'composer', 'arranger', or 'artist of sorts', but only because I've heard it enough that I can now consider it a possibility."

WILD CATS! was his first tape, and he describes it as "a collection of many periods of my musical development. It was created during a time of many changes in my life, and the various styles reflect these changes as they occurred. "Wild Cats!," "The Inlaws," and "Fleeting Moment" were written to satisfy a hard-driving intensity I was feeling, while "Fayuddim," "The Mirror Reflects," and "For Flowers," were more self-reflexive emotional 'photographs'. "A Promise to Keep," and "On Ice" were re-recorded some time after, and weren't on the original version of this tape, so they reflect styles I develop on my new tape, ***TONEPLEROMAS,*** which has just been released. This new collection of songs is in a much different vein than the first cassette. It's a more 'ambient' sounding tape (and it has MUCH cleaner production!). Some may call it 'New Age' music, but I think that its core is rather more evil, more disturbing. But who wants to label anyway? It's for you to decide. It's a tape full of music from my soul."

His tapes are available for FIVE dollars each, and are **highly recommended**. Write to Shawn at: #12-10180-112 St., Edmonton, AB, T5K 1M3, if you're interested.

AMBIENT by Jack Womack; New York: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1987.

"'Sex. Drugs. Violence. Rock and roll,' said the Old Man, raising his glass. 'Something for everyone.'"



Jack Womack"s first novel is an entertaining trip to Hell. Will the world end with a whimper or a bang? Follow O'Malley, a corporate bodyguard, as he searches for love in a nightmarish vision of 21st century New York. The dust jacket places it "in the tradition of Anthony Burgess and J.G. Ballard." Actually, Womack's vision reminded me of *Dr. Adder*, K.W. Jeter's proto-cyberpunk California death-trip.

Mutants, Mad Surgeons, Gnosticism, Sex, Death, Lee Harvey Oswald, the Korsakov treatment, Deathsports, Love, Betrayal, an AI named Alice, the Greenhouse Effect, War and International Financiers- this book has it all, and I found it impossible to put down. What more can you ask for?

Womack was born in Kentucky and now lives in New York. ***Terraplane***, his second novel, is now in print.

MEGABRAIN: New Tools and Techniques for Brain Growth and Mind Expansion by Michael Hutchison; New York: Ballantine Books, 1986

Hutchison stresses "the importance of exposing the brain to stimulation, challenge, change, ambiguity, novelty- an enriched environment. All evidence indicates that whether we are twenty, forty, or eighty our brains have the capability of growing, and we have the ability to become more intelligent. In fact, the evidence indicates that the more you learn, the greater is your capacity for further learning. The more you put into your memory, the more powerful your memory becomes. Without sufficient stimulation, however, this growth will not happen; in fact, our minds and brains will deteriorate, no matter how young or old we are."

If you don't use it, you lose it. Exposure to new types of experience stimulates and physically exercises the brain. This book details Hutchison's experiments with a variety of 'mind machines', tools developed to both alter states of consciousness, and replace anaesthetics. With (almost) no regard for personal safety, he straps on nine machines and devotes a chapter to his experiences with each of them. Mixing and matching the machines will provide fertile ground for the amateur cognitive psychologist or neuro-physiologist. For example, one might listen to Hemi-Sync tapes in a flotation tank, perhaps inducing an Out Of Body Experience.

Exciting stuff! We can all be Columbus, and chart the unknown expanses of our own minds. We have the technology. We have the capability.... Hutchison provides a basic overview of the structure and function of the brain, and the processes involved in consciousness. He adopts Ilya Prigogine's conclusion, from ***Order Out of Chaos***, that the universe is a self-organizing structure. "Order arises *because* of disorder, not *despite* it; life emerges *out of* entropy, not *against* it." Chaotic systems generate new 'higher' forms of order at bifurcation points. New sources of stimulation provide the necessary chaos. Hutchison believes we can now do this to ourselves at will with these tools. The book also has an excellent bibliography.

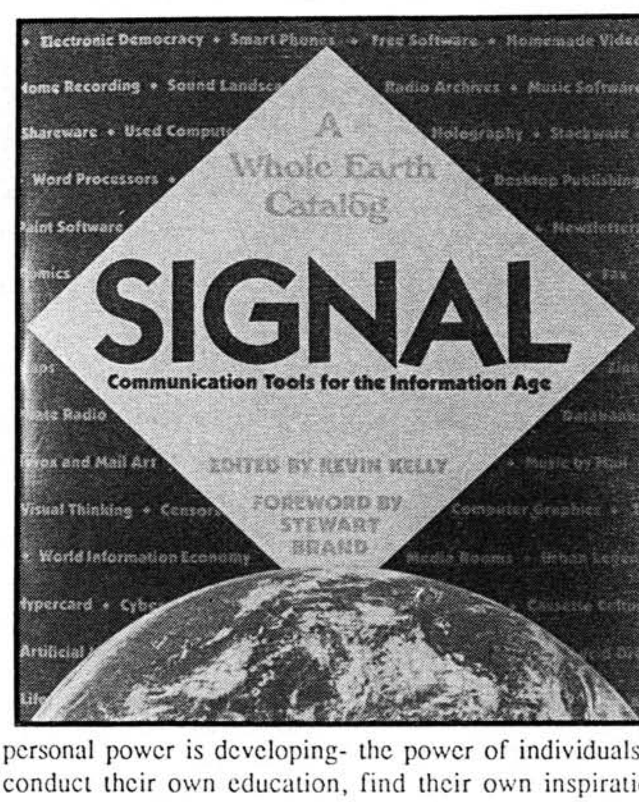
Hutchison did an interesting update article in ***Magical Blend*** #24 (Oct, 1989). In San Francisco, he visits the Neurotechnologies Research Institute (NRI), developers of the Brain Function Profile. It "combines advanced brain mapping and psychophysiological monitoring technology, with a battery of computerized psychological and mental tests to provide the individual with an objective measurement of a variety of psychophysiological functions that have been found to be keys to mental 'fitness'." Whew! It's a lot like ***Videodrome***, but I'm intrigued.

SIGNAL: COMMUNICATION TOOLS FOR THE INFORMATION AGE (A Whole Earth Catalog) edited by Kevin Kelly, Forward by Steward Brand); New York: Harmony Books, 1988.

It has become almost axiomatic that the world economy is increasingly moving toward a point where the exchange of information supersedes the exchange of material goods. The most important issues of the Information Age have to do with the control of information. While increasing amounts of information are accessible to the individual, there is always a threat to individual privacy by personal information controlled by corporations and governments.

Signal approaches the issues of the Information Age from a very populist standpoint. The implicit and explicit message of the Catalog is that individuals should take advantage of the opportunities of the Information Age. Communication tools, the primary theme of the book, is used very broadly to denote everything from computer hardware and software, to more traditional modes of communication, i.e., theatre, dance, and writing. Information theory, systems theory, censorship, and freedom of information, are also covered. Access to information is the clearly stated purpose:

"We are as gods and we might as well get good at it. So far remotely done power and glory- as via government, big business, formal education, church, has succeeded to the point where gross defects obscure actual gains. In response to this dilemma and to these gains, a realm of intimate,



personal power is developing- the power of individuals to conduct their own education, find their own inspiration, shape their own environment, and share the adventure with whoever is interested."

The format is the same as their magazine; ie. publication information, a short review and excerpts. It also features short essays on topics like memes, postal networks, and used

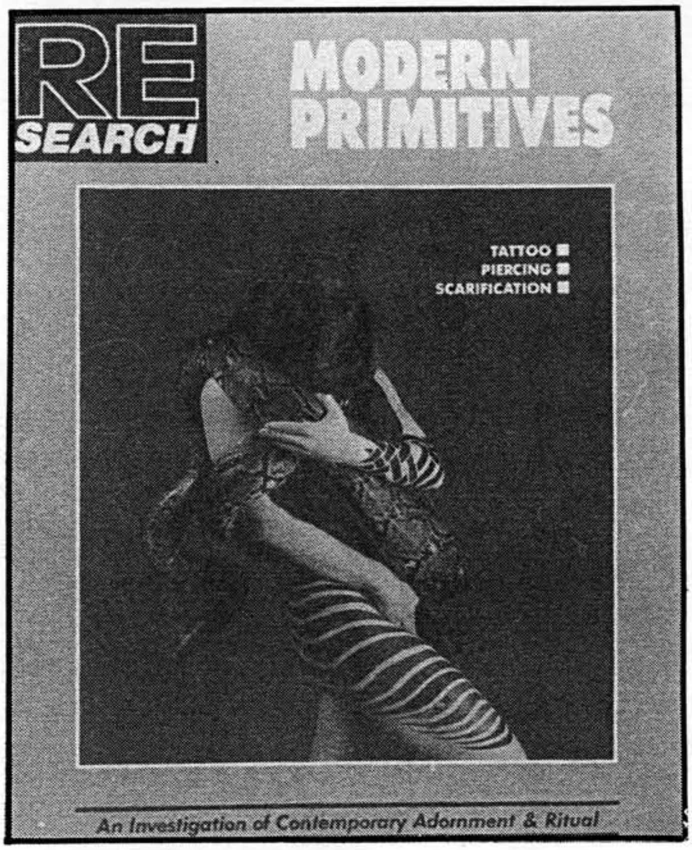
photocopiers. Although the publishers of the Catalog do not sell anything themselves, a related organization, Whole Earth Access, carries much of the material by mailorder. Readers are encouraged, however, to try to purchase as much as possible from local retailers (I assume one ought to read that as "*independent* " local retailers).

This is one of the more useful books on the market at this time. Get it while it's current; some of the material reviewed is already out of print and addresses change. It's the ultimate fix for the information junkie. I already bought and borrowed several of the publications, and it influenced my choice of personal computer.

RE/SEARCH #12: MODERN PRIMITIVES: An Investigation of Contemporary Adornment & Ritual edited by V. Vale and Andrea Juno; 1989. Paperback: ISBN 0-940642-14-X. Contact RE/SEARCH PUBLICATIONS: 20 Romolo #B, San Francisco CA, 94133

"The central, pivotal change in the world of the twentieth century- the wholesale de-individualization of man and society- has been accomplished by an innundation of millions of mass-produced images which, acting on humans, bypass any 'logical' barriers of resistance, colonizing the memory cells of any receptive viewer within range. Almost unnoticed, first-hand 'experience' and un-self-conscious creative activities (hobbies such as whittling or quiltmaking) have been shunted aside in favor of a passive intake of images which the brain finds 'pleasurable' and 'relaxing': watching TV. The result: people all over the world share a common image bank of spurious memories and experiences, gestures, role models- even nuances of various linguistic styles, ranging from that of Peewee Herman to JFK to the latest commercial.

Our minds are colonized by images. Images are a virus.... In the absence of truly unique, first-person experience in one's own RNA-coded memory cells, how can one feel confident about one's basic 'identity'? And by extension, how can one, lacking unique experiences, create something truly eccentric? Virtually every experience possible in the world today... has already been registered in the brain through *images* from a movie or TV *program* - an apt word indeed.... Our most inestimable resource, the unfettered imagination, continues to be grounded in the only truly precious possession we can ever have and know, and which is *ours* to do with what we will: *the human body*."- V. Vale & Andrea Juno from the Introduction.



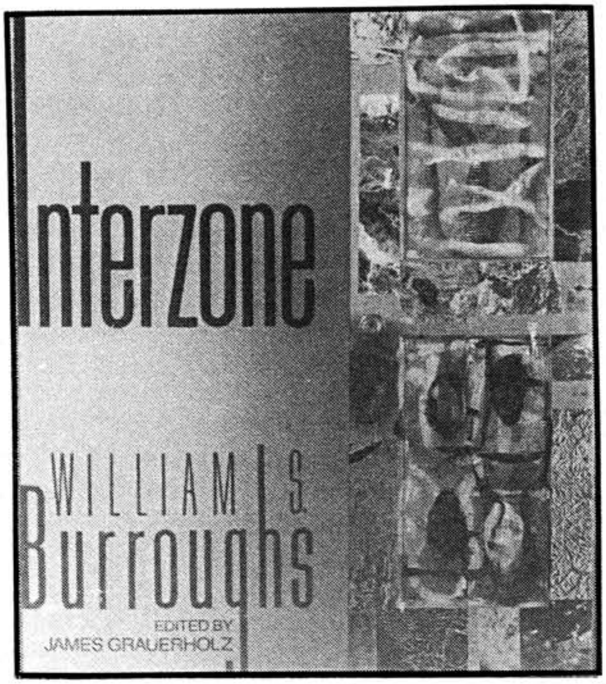
The Bible #12. This is (possibly) everything you've ever wanted to know about body modification; specifically tattoos, piercing and scarification. This profusely illustrated (!) volume focusses on the philosophy of contemporary practitioners of these ancient arts, as well as the techniques they use. An an anthropological study the text is invaluable, because people today just don't want to know about this stuff (so they leave it out of the books). Wow!

The Deep Red Horror Handbook edited by Chas Balun; FANTACO BOOKS, 1989. Paperback: ISBN 0-938782-12-6. Write to FANTACO ENTERPRISES, INC.- 21 Central Ave., Albany, New York,12210

This is the greatest coffee-table browsing book ever written specifically for gorehounds. "Meat Meat Meat" you chant as you pry your bloodshot eyes away from ***Bloodsucking Freaks, Hellraiser, Cannibal Holocaust, 2000 Maniacs, or Dawn of the Dead*** (for the thirtieth time). I know what you want and I know how to get it.

The book has profiles of Sam Raimi, Mary Woronov (Yeah!), H. G. Lewis and others; articles about 'cannibal chunk-blowers,' Dario Argento, eco-horror, 'films that bite', and lots more. To top it off, it includes more than 100 pages of reviews. Like ***Deep Red*** magazine, from whence these polluted vapours issued forth, they utilize a double rating system for the relative merits of each film as a work of art, and the GORE SCORE which "concerns itself with nothing but the quantity of blood, brains, guts, slime, snot, puke or other assorted precious bodily fluids spilled, slopped or splattered during the course of the film". Now I can't say that I agree with all of their reviews, but hell, that's the fun of it! I can sit there and rant right along with 'em. This is art! This is what I like! The book is heavily illustrated too- B&W everywhere and eight shots in lurid colour. The only downside is the price- $17.95 is just too damned expensive, (but I'm a sucker so I bought it anyway).

Interzone by William S. Burroughs, edited by James Grauerholz; New York: Viking, 1989



In his introduction Grauerholz writes: "This book is meant to portray the development of Burroughs' mature writing style, and to present a selection of vintage Burroughs from the mid-1950's...". And that it does, very well. This one is for the junkies among us who simply can't get enough. The third section of ***Interzone*** is called "WORD", and it is comprised of material that, for the most part, was edited out of the final manuscript of *Naked Lunch*. While reading it, I was struck with the desire to xerox the section, and cut-up *Naked Lunch* with the new pieces just to see what came out the other end. I haven't done it yet, but I plan to in the near future. "The Finger" is extremely interesting as well, for it tells the story of Burroughs' missing finger joint, which he deliberately chopped off in 1939. This collection is highly recommended. Watch for his appearance in the film *Drugstore Cowboy* with Matt Dillon. He plays Tom, a defrocked junkie priest who "could have been a philosopher in another life."

CURRENT 93- *Earth Covers Earth*: (United Dairies UD 029)

CURRENT 93- *IMPERIUM*: (Maldoror Mal 777) To order **CURRENT 93** albums write to D. Tibet: BM Wound, London, WC1N, England.

DEATH IN JUNE- *93 DEAD SUNWHEELS*: (NER BAD VC93) To order **DEATH IN JUNE** material write to: BM June, London, WC1N, 3XX



David Tibet is one of my favorite pagan anarcho-death-hippy magicians, and he's very busy lately; he appears on three of the last five albums I bought. Obviously I'm a fan, so that colours my perspective somewhat. With that in mind, I'll forge on.

Earth Covers Earth is a six song mini-LP that follows the path set by (the amazing) ***Swastika's For Noddy***. Highlights are "Hourglass for Diana," (a chilling meditation on human suffering and our unlimited potential) "How art thou nothing when thou art most of all?", and "Rome for Douglas P." This is a haunting and beautiful recording from the man who once unleashed demonic chants like "Maldoror is Dead," or the recently re-released ***In Menstrual Night*** (the album most likely to provoke fever dreams). It's a good (accessible) record to start with if you've never heard **CURRENT 93**. Tibet's friends are with him, and it sounds like they're enjoying themselves. The musicians include Tony Wakeford (**SOL INVICTUS**), Rose McDowall (**STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE**), Steven Stapleton (**NURSE WITH WOUND**), and Douglas P. (**DEATH IN JUNE**). John Balance (**COIL**) is also there "In Spirit". Tibet even ends the liner notes on a positive note: "May all sentient beings be happy." From sorrow flows hope.

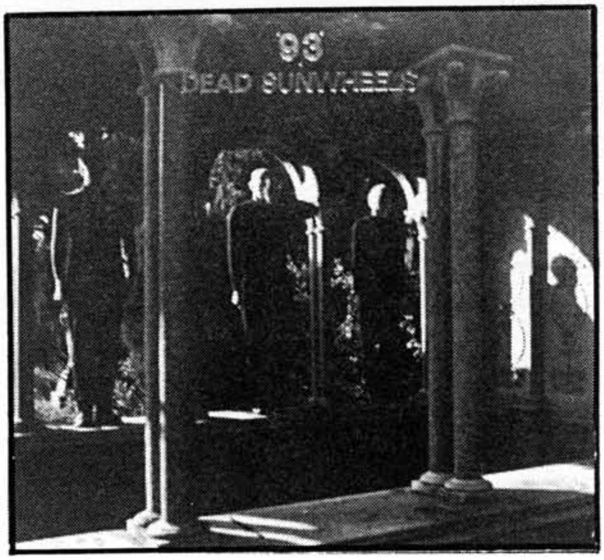
IMPERIUM, however, is a somewhat harsher experience. Side A contains the four parts of the title track, an anti-Christus rant of the first order. The other side contains four more-traditional 'rock' songs: "Be," "Locust," "or," and "Alone." "Locust" is a killer track! Turn it up really loud and drive slowly past a group of pedestrians while he implores them to "Lick my life away," and watch them pretend not to hear it. The only information with the record is this poem:

Some die when they are in the womb
Some on the ground where they are born
Some die just as they learn to crawl
And some just as they learn to walk

Some die old and some die young
Some in the very prime of life
All people pass away in turn
Just like the fall of ripened fruit

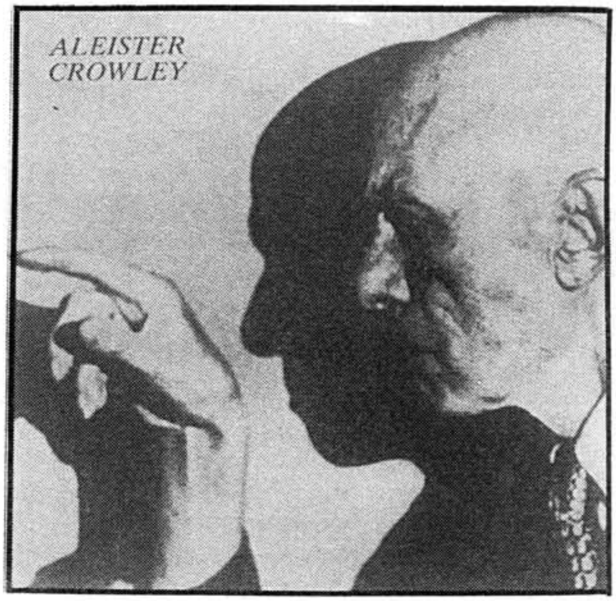
As all ripe fruit
Always falls and rots
So all who are born
Are always by their deaths destroyed."

David Tibet's next project will be *CURRENT 93 PRESENTS TANTRIC CHANTS OF TIBET* (from which all profits will go to the rebuilding of Khordong Monastery in Tibet). Forthcoming are: *INQUIRE WITHIN*, a benefit compilation album for Tibetan refugees with **CURRENT 93, COIL,** and **NURSE WITH WOUND,** and a triple album entitled *THE DEATH OF THE CORN.*



93 DEAD SUNWHEELS is the latest from Douglas P., the only official member of **DEATH IN JUNE.** Essentially, it's a greatest-hits mini-LP from material originally produced between mid-1983 and December1984, a particularly productive period in the band's history. The liner notes state that this "marked the beginning of a close collaboration between **DEATH IN JUNE**, as an entity, and David Tibet. This album culls rare tracks and re-recordings from this period." This is a much more musical enterprise than what most of Douglas P.'s collaborators produce. However it does have 'teeth', most notably the remixed versions of "Behind the Rose (Fields of Rape)," and "She Said Destroy." Crowley fans take note, pictures of Mr. P. (I assume), engaged in some unholy ritual or another in a graveyard are included on the inner sleeve! Which brings us to the next order of business...

ALEISTER CROWLEY: (OZ 77)



No other information is provided, (but I have my suspicions as to the origin of this collection of the Great Beast's recordings). The quality of the sound is really shitty, but I assume that if you want it badly enough, it just won't matter. It's an eclectic selection of weirdness that includes: Crowley singing "Vive La France," and spoken word recordings of the "Hymn to the American People on the Anniversary of their Independence," "Collects from the Gnostic Mass," "The Call of the First Aethyr," (in English and Enochian!), "The Pentagram," "The Poet," and lots more. Some of the material may be familiar, as it has previously appeared on recordings like, "Send the Magick Down," by **CHRIS AND COSEY**, and "Golden Dawn," by **MINISTRY.**

The advice on the back of the album is very sound, so I'm going to reprint (steal) it:

"Reflect on why you bought this record. Reflect on the nature of the energy you seek, and the nature of the energy you find.

Crowley is a shadow. People often find in him what they wish they could be themselves- the powerful Magus, the god-defier, the searcher on the nightside. Yet Crowley, for all his arrogance, died as confused as any other. 'I am perplexed...'

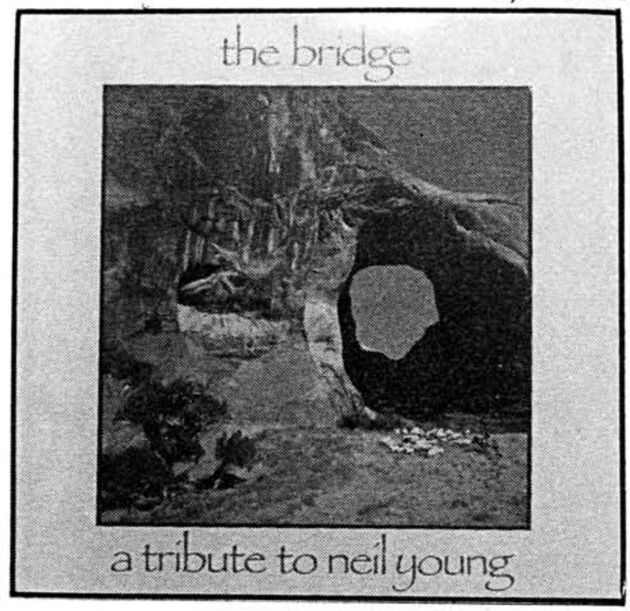
Your actions in this life will determine your situation in the next lives. To amass power now, as Crowley did then, is still to lose it later. His gods too will die. And it is as hard to see power taken from you as you are dying as it is to lose other, more tangible, possessions.

Consideration of others -compassion- is the most important quality we can possess.

May confusion be dispersed.

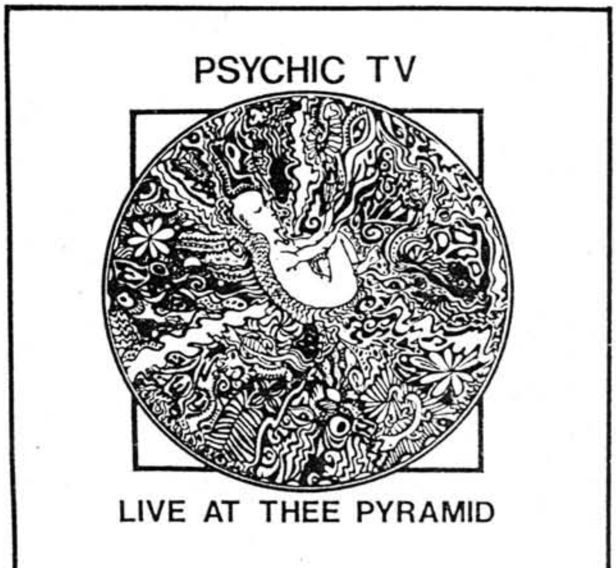
May all sentient beings achieve happiness and liberation."

VARIOUS- *The Bridge: A Tribute to Neil Young*: (CAROL 1374/KAR 002), Write to Caroline Records, 114 West 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001



Quite a good compilation of Neil Young covers, (although I do think a couple of the songs are crappy). For me, the highlights are **HENRY KAISER**'s "The Needle and the Damage Done\ Tonight's the Night" medley, **NICK CAVE**'s "Helpless," and **LOOP**'s "Cinnamon Girl." Other acts include: **SONIC YOUTH, PIXIES, DINOSAUR JR., PSYCHIC TV, FLAMING LIPS**, and **SOUL ASYLUM.** It's available domestically, and the "album is dedicated to physically challenged children everywhere.... A portion of the proceeds will be donated to the Bridge School": 545 Eucalyptus, Bldg. B, Rm. 5, Hillsborough, CA 94010.

PSYCHIC TV- *LIVE AT THEE PYRAMID*: (TOPY 47), contact TEMPLE RECORDS, c/o RAPID EYE, P.O. Box 23, Brighton BN2 4AU, East Sussex, England. For more information send a large self-addressed envelope and an International Reply Coupon.



Recorded during "Thee Altered States ov Amerika" tour (early November1988 in New York), the fourteenth in their series of 23 live albums is great neo-psychedelic dance-rock. This could be mainstream 'alternative' if it was any other band. The band was in fine form that night, and Fred Gianelli, the latest guitarist, fits the sound very well (or perhaps it's the other way 'round). Just say yes to "Acid over Amerika"!

Psychic TV's spiritual revolution continues. On the back cover Genesis P-Orridge writes of their experiences while on tour in North Amerika, and he is very positive about the state of things over here?!? I suppose it's all relative. As he says:

"We returned to Britain addicted to thee energy we had found in Amerika. Thee open minds, thee enthusiasm, thee streetwise knowledge, thee powerful visions ov thee land itself. Britain, petty and shallow after 10 years ov criminal government and conditioned lethargy. Where cynicism is seen as talent, and abuse as expression. Where ridicule serves as opinion and hopelessness cloaks fear ov disintegration.

It feels like seeping death here, thee poems ov despair are nothing. All is over here until we change as human animals in human beings. Until we understand that none ov us is separated from anything. All chains ov life meet within each ov us, all disasters are our own. Thee seal that dies today ov pollution is your child dying in your arms tomorrow. There is no remorse, no compassion in those who finance and endorse control. There is no hope except our own evolution, our choice ov dignity. You can look to them for all you want butter there is nothing in thee the eyes that stare back."

The "album is dedicated to thee living spirit of thee diggers." I know where they're coming from. Which reminds me, be sure to rent *Rude Awakening* when it shows up on videotape, it's a message movie disguised as a comedy. Half the people I know who've seen it left the theatre in tears of bitter rage. It's a very healthy film.



Out of the Porno Ghetto. Rinse Dream comes clean

The *Variety* review of **Dr. Caligari**: Directed by Stephen Sayadian. Screenplay, Jerry Stahl, Sayadian. Music, Mitchell Froom. 80 min.

It's a twisted, skewed day-glo world that Stephen Sayadian has conjured up in his version of "Dr. Caligari." The pic's weak attempts at campy dialog and bizarre plot twists don't make it an easy sell, and even discriminating cult movie mavens may sit this one out.

This Dr. Caligari is a sadomasochistic, metal breast-plated woman with a morbid fascination with pain and suffering who runs the CIA (Caligari Insane Asylum). She's the granddaughter of the 1919 Dr. Caligari of "cabinet" fame and is carrying on in the same tradition as her namesake. She doesn't kill people, though, but organizes hormonal interfacing experiments.

Her patient, sex fiend Mrs. Van Heusen, is readmitted to the CIA by her husband in hopes to modify her outrageous libido. Dr. Caligari transplants the hypothalmus liquid of another patient, Gus Platt, a guy who loves electroshock therapy ("it's like a thousand points of light"), into Mrs. Van Heusen's brain.

She also turns the CIA chief male administrator, Dr. Awol, into Mamie Van Doren, so he can better service her, and Mrs. Van Heusen is given enough drug therapy to inspire her to mesquite-grill her husband to death.

Sayadian (who also directed the porno film ***Cafe Flesh*** under the name Rinse Dream) uses his camera to attack his subjects from every angle. The highly stylized sets, neon costumes and stark lighting make it a visual explosion reflecting a mad world. Too many oozing sores and exposed internal organs dilute the shock effect.

All the actors, notably Madeleine Reynal's Dr. Caligari and the late Fox Harris' Dr. Awol, deliver their lines in purposely affectless rhythms, and when they're trying to be cute it doesn't often work. Mitchell Froom's score captures the eerie moments. Tongue-in-cheek subtleties are missing, but giant slurping tongues abound. *-Devo*. Reviewed in ***Variety***, September 13/89.

If thine hand offend thee, cut it off again

Pontiac, Michigan (AP)- A man released from a mental hospital Aug. 28 (1989) cut off his left hand for the second time in seven months with a circular saw, police say.

The hand had been reattached the first time but couldn't be saved again after it was severed Monday, doctors said yesterday.

"He said the hand was useless and he didn't want it anymore," said Waterford Township policeman John McLain. " He said he wanted to kill himself, but was feeling OK now and didn't want to anymore."

State mental health officials want to know why the unidentified 27 year-old Pontiac man was released from the state-run Clinton Valley Centre.

"There was every indication he was doing well" before his release, hospital director Anthony Drabik said, adding: "It's tragic. We feel very badly about this."

The man cut the hand off in February in an apparent suicide attempt. Monday, he apparently bought a circular saw, checked into a motel and severed the hand again.

The man's hand couldn't be reattached because it was a jagged cut, a surgeon said.

Axe-murdering doc performs auto-surgery

Prince Albert, Sask. (CP)- A former surgeon serving two life terms in Prince Albert Penitentiary killed himself by slicing his neck with a razor blade, a coroner's inquest has been told.

Glen Gold Stewart, 62, died Aug. 6 (1989) in the prison's infirmary. He bled to death from a cut to the carotid artery.

Stewart was convicted in 1971 of the non-capital axe murder of a Bible camp custodian. In 1982, he confessed to a prison psychiatrist to the axe murder of his mistress and the drowning of their seven month-old daughter in 1969.



LSD drug scare: a false alarm

BEWARE!!!

A form of tattoo called "Blue Star" is being sold to school children. It is a small sheet of white paper containing blue stars the size of a pencil eraser. Each star is soaked with LSD.

Each star can be removed and placed in the mouth. THE LSD CAN ALSO BE ABSORBED THROUGH THE SKIN SIMPLY BY HANDLING THE PAPER.

There is also brightly colored paper tabs resembling postage stamps that have pictures of Superman, butterflies, clowns, Mickey Mouse, and other Disney characters on them. These stamps are packed in a red cardboard box wrapped in foil. This is a new way of selling ACID by appealing to young children.

A young child could happen upon these and have a fatal "trip". It was also learned that little children could be given a free "tattoo" by other children who want to have some fun or by others cultivating new customers.

A red stamp called "RED PYRAMID", is also being distributed along with "MICRO DOT" in various colors and another kind called "WINDOW PANE" which has a grid which can be cut out.

THESE ARE ALL LACED WITH DRUGS ..... Please advise your community and children about these drugs. If you or your child see any of the above DO NOT HANDLE!!! THESE DRUGS ARE KNOWN TO REACT VERY QUICKLY AND SOME ARE LACED WITH STRYCHNINE.

Symptoms are: hallucinations, severe vomiting, uncontrolled laughter, mood changes, and change in body temperature. Get to the hospital as soon as possible and call the police.

To help stop drugs, we must be informed and know the symptoms and signs. A wise man once said, "You must know the three `L's`, Look, Listen and Learn."

Please feel free to reproduce this article and distribute it within your communities. Get the word out of this danger to our children.

S.A.D.A.C. ADVISES THIS FORM OF DRUG HAS ALREADY HIT SASKATCHEN

JUNE 21/89- THE ALBERTA ALCOHOLISM AND DRUG ABUSE COMMISSION RESPONDED:

LSD DRUG SCARE: A FALSE ALARM

A recently circulated flyer, warning of an imminent risk to young people from a type of LSD called "Blue Star", is a serious distortion of reality, according to AADAC and police department sources.

Copies of the photocopied notice with the title "BEWARE!!!" began to appear sporadically in Edmonton schools and day care centres around one month ago. It claims LSD is being distributed to children on small pieces of white paper containing blue stars, each the size of a pencil eraser. The notice says the blue stars are stick-on tattoos which are laced with LSD.

The flyer goes on to say that simply handling the paper will cause the LSD to be absorbed through the skin and possibly cause the child to "have a fatal (LSD) trip". However, according to an AADAC pharmacist this is highly unlikely.

The RCMP reports the hallucinogen LSD is rare in the city and in most other areas of the province. "We have no indication at all of an upswing in the use of LSD," says Sgt. Rick Jordan of the RCMP drug section. He said recent drug seizures have included hashish, marijuana and a small amount of cocaine, with little LSD in evidence.

A new survey, conducted by AADAC, shows a small minority of Alberta teens have experimented with hallucinogens such as LSD. AADAC's survey reveals that five percent of adolescents reported using hallucinogens of any kind at least once during the previous six months. This compares to two percent who reported using heroin, cocaine or crack. Twelve percent of teens reported using marijuana in the previous six months.

The false LSD alert is almost identical to similar anonymous warnings which have appeared in other parts of the country. In 1987 the Addiction Research Foundation of Ontario reported an almost identical version turned up in Toronto, Chatham and Windsor. The notice also surfaced in Edmonton at that time. Then, as now, no one is taking responsibility for the information.

Leona Peter, a consultant at Community Education Services, is concerned at the alarm being caused by the LSD warning. "Some people who call here to check on the accuracy of the flyer are very frightened. Some tend to believe it without first checking to see if the information is, in fact, correct."

She hopes the "Blue Star" LSD scare may create a "teachable moment" for parents and teachers to discuss drug abuse with young people. However, she cautions against trying to frighten young people away from drugs.

"Even if true, alarming or frightening information about drugs tends to lack credibility with young people. Kids exposed to worse-case scenarios about the effects of drugs are likely to deny it will happen to them."

She adds: "Parents need to talk openly, often and realistically with young people about drugs, including tobacco and alcohol, the most commonly abused substances."

Facts on LSD (From AADAC)

*Commonly known as "acid" LSD is lysergic acid diethylaminde.

*LSD is the most powerful of the known hallucinogens, which also include PCP, MDA, Psilocybin and others.

*It effects the central nervous system, and a single dose lasts up to 12 hours.

*LSD distorts the senses causing changes in perception, mood, thought, along with hallucinations and distortions.

*Long term effects can include flashbacks- a spontaneous LSD "high" that may occur days or months later.

*Chronic users may become psychologically but not physically dependent.

Oasis

By Reverend Henry Roderick
St. Patrick's Anglican Church

I am sure that those of us who have learned anything about the computer realize it is made in a very logical and methodical way and does its work very quickly. In order to get the programs to work for us, we have to do things in a certain sequence, or they either will not come out right, or the computer will not work at all.

We recognize that the computer is only a man-made machine and doesn't act on its own. And it doesn't, as a rule, do things different than those which were designed into it. It only works with its operating system, program and the material we put into it. But its system is operated by a certain logical and rationally based pattern. Computer systems and programs are planned for quite specific jobs like accounting, data management, word processing and games. We have to use certain programs to accomplish certain tasks. The manufacturers build certain things into their design to carry out certain tasks, and it is almost impossible to have it do otherwise.

The computer, at the present time at least, doesn't make decisions for itself, except within the boundaries of the program. At the moment, it has to have someone to build it, start it, program it and operate it within certain well defined lines.

It is a great joy for the one who develops a computer and it operates up to expectations. In a sense, we human beings have something in common with a computer. You see Someone created, built and programmed us to be self generating and to act on our own. Our Creator is certainly filled with immeasurable joy when we perform up to the possibilities that have been built into each of us.

Unlike computers, however, our Creator, while making us somewhat similar in so many ways, gives each of us a unique personality, intelligence and something we might call 'freedom of will'. It is this freedom of will that gives us the privilege, freedom and the ability to make decisions for ourselves. We have a freedom of choice about our lives. We can use our freedom in a good way, or we can use it for something that is harmful and unloving to ourselves and others like us.

Whereas the makers of computers haven't yet been able to build into these machines anything near 'freedom of will' where they can, of their own volition, decide to pursue the dark side of life. We human beings have this possibility as a result of our freedom of will and we frequently act on it.

Our Creator, whom many call God, had and still has great plans for us and our use of freedom of choice. Like computers though, we are infected with something that really messes up our lives. In the computer world it is called a virus. With human beings, it is called sin. Our Creator God knows about this virus and He knows the cure.

You see God knew that we would be unable to get rid of sin on our own, so He planned a process to root it out. It is a process that is available to every man, woman and child in the world. It is called Salvation and it comes through the simple act of accepting God's Son Jesus Christ, who entered human life to be the cure for sin. It takes about 20 seconds. Talk about lightning speed! Of course, the cleansing afterwards takes longer. Christians call this sanctification.

If you recognize that your life has become infected with sin and your life is out of control, there is a way out. In order to deal with sin, we have to recognize we are infected. We must realize we cannot cure it ourselves, and really want to be cured. We give up the sin and call upon God in Jesus Christ to be the Lord of our life and He will forgive the sin, wipe us clean.

TV for sadomasochists: the agony of defeat

Ultra-Quiz Mania

In **Japan**, a popular game show called *Ultra-Quiz* is made by **MPI/Fuji Eight Gaman Productions.** *Ultra-Quiz* starts out with 500 male contestants, mostly college students. They endure various types of severe pain and extreme danger in order to win. A laugh track and giggling spectators successfully turn their cries of pain into popular entertainment in Japan. They are flown around the world for various tortures. In **Greece** they eat raw sheep brains, pig intestines, whole pigeons, and drink Tabasco sauce. In **Singapore** they have bananas tied to their bodies and stand on a platform crawling with hungry orangutans for as long as they can take it. They are hung upside down from a tree with cockroaches in their pants as a smoking fire burns in their eyes. They are spanked by Thai women with studded paddles and have alcohol sprayed on the wounds. In Athens they are doused with kerosene and slowly drawn through rings of fire only to find out afterward that the "kerosene" was only water. They sit in tubs of ice and drink cold beer to put pressure on their bladders. The first one to go to the bathroom loses. They are taken to **Bangkok** and try to hold on to a pole over a pit of live alligators and fall into the water only to find that the alligators were taken out of the water at the last minute. In **Egypt**, they stand on their heads and have sunlight focused on their nipples with a magnifying glass until they can't take the pain. In **Spain** they are repeatedly hit on the backside with a cannonball until the pain becomes unbearable. In the **Netherlands**, the students are tied down and have rats placed on their stomachs while Dutch children hit them with hard rubber balls. The students have Egyptian catfish bite them and are dragged by an **Indonesian** elephant over stones and logs in a sitting position until they can't stand the pain. In **Bali**, they sit in hot transparent tents for hours to see who will be the first to break down and take a drink of ice water or cold beer. In **Paris**, they are starved for several days to see who will take the first bite of gourmet food and lose the competition. An *Ultra-Quiz* TV host jokingly comments, "I learned a lot about torturing people." The program strongly resembles fraternity hazing. A British program, called ***King of the Mountain***, has been modeled after *Ultra-Quiz*. -A press release from the **International Coalition against Violent Entertainment**, September 25/89.

Man conscious for 8 hours of brain surgery

Part of brain removed- life changes for better

Winnipeg (CP)- Doug Strachan used to suffer through as many as 20 excruciating epileptic seizures a day, but that was before he underwent surgery to remove a portion of his brain.

Now Strachan, 23, says his life has changed for the better.

"Before the operation, when I was having so many seizures, I wasn't feeling so good," Strachan, a resident of Miniota, Man., said in an interview. "Now I kind of forget what they're like."

Strachan is one of 15 people who have undergone the delicate operation at the Health Sciences Centre, Manitoba's largest hospital, this past year.

The surgery is performed in cases where epileptic seizures cannot be controlled by medication and they're source is in a disposable part of the brain.

Strachan remained awake during the eight-hour procedure and said his main memories were of the sounds of the drill grinding into his skull, the sucking sound of the brain tissue being removed and the tick of the electrocardiogram monitoring his heartbeat.

After opening Strachan's skull, neurosurgeon Dr. Garnette Sutherland probed the brain with an electronic device that looks like a large metallic preying mantis.

The 20 metal arms of the instrument, called an electrocorticogram, were used to map electrical activity in Strachan's brain as Sutherland determined exactly where to cut. He even recorded a seizure in progress.

Then Sutherland used micro-scissors to cut a plum-sized jelly-like piece out of Strachan's left temporal lobe.

The area also controls memory. But it was determined the right side could do double duty.

"If we knock out one side, the other takes over," said neurologist Dr. Neelan Pillay, adding that Strachan's IQ is "120 plus."

Before the operation, Strachan was in hospital for eight weeks before the operation while specialists tried to locate the focal point of his seizures.

It was difficult to find the spot because the seizures came at random and "by the time he has them, and we get the technician to put the electrodes on, the seizures are over," Pillay said.

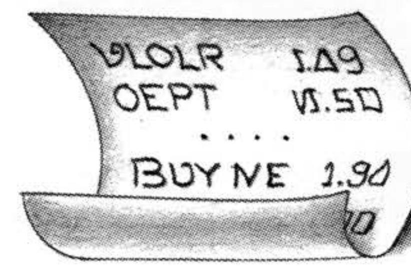
"We didn't think it was ethical to remove the medication," he added, referring to the two types of medication used by Strachan before the surgery.

He's still taking one anti-seizure drug, which is normal for a year after this kind of surgery.

About a third of those undergoing the procedure become seizure- and medication- free, another third avoid seizures with medication and a third experience no significant improvement.

Except for the lack of hair, and the lack of seizures, Stachan said his head doesn't feel very different.

His head was "clicking around a bit" after the operation he said, but that has stopped. "It must have healed." -July 1986



Satanic Zionist businessmen are flouridating our morals!



Exposing Wicked in World

As president of Alberta Branch Social Credit party of Canada. I wish to respond to your editorial June 23 [1986].

You accuse [sic] the Mr. Keegstra faction as cranks. Well it's the cranks (so-called) of this world who are exposing the wickedness and corruption in high places.

You say of 114 voting delegates, only 38 voted for mr. Keegstra. Our constitution allows one delegate from each federal riding and we sent 19 delegates from Alberta.

The convention held in Toronto made it easy for Ontario to swamp the meeting. Most of the Ontario delegates know nothing of Social Credit and are simple evangelicals. We took down the books of Major Douglas.

You did get it right that political Zionism and Israel are the root of international terrorism.

The defeat of Mr. Keegstra was not needed to convince him of small public support or that his view of history is unpopular or that you consider him wrong. We were involved in pondering the causes of wars, depressions, booms and controls of finance before you were born.

Mr. Keegstra has never strived for public popularity or political favor but for honesty, truth, freedom for the individual and above all for Jesus Christ and Christianity.

One Jim Keegstra is worth more than 10,000 of the majority if that majority is misinformed. -**James A. Green** of Bentley's letter to the Red Deer Advocate.

Our society one of crass materialism

An open letter to the businessmen of Red Deer:

A very serious debate is being waged over hours of business and Sunday opening. It is with serious urgency that I wish to make some observations:

The motive appears to be one of making money. We live in a society of crass materialism. The only god being worshipped [sic] is the god of gold- mammon. Because competition is worshipped [sic] as the only motivating force, any means is now legitimate to reach the end- profit.

But history has clearly taught us that people who love mammon, become completely controlled by materialism and suffer spiritual death. They tend to want to prosper at the expense of others. This is well documented in history as we witness wars, religious persecutions, slavery, pornography, usury, abortion, dishonesty in business dealings, monopolies and eternal debt; to mention a few.

This is the main cause for just and righteous laws being replaced by perverted laws. And what the average man must realize is that these laws will become more and more repressive and corrupt leading to the complete enslavement of the masses.

Sunday was a day of rest ordained by the Creator of man and the world for the benefit of man. Man must have a day in which he can reflect on the blessings and benefits Almighty God has given him. It is also a day to consider his neighbour and how he can be a blessing to him. This day must be every seventh day so that society can be properly organized. The God of creation must be glorified, not the god of mammon.

We must, in obedience to Almighty God, warn you that by demanding to be open on Sundays, you are aiding and abetting the perversion and destruction of a free and peaceful society. No nation has ever prospered when, for the love of money, they have allowed the perversion of morals and values. Show me one nation, which after abandoning the rest and reflecting day of Sunday, has prospered morally, peacefully, creatively, and materially.

If Sunday is to be replaced for making money, then Canada will become an enslaved country in a short time. Do you, the businessmen, want to be responsible for this? Any man who thinks, knows that death is not the end of man. Would it not make sense to obey what the Bible teaches. If it is correct, then at least you have a chance. But, if you reject its directions, then you have no hope and face a fearful judgement.

We live in a moral universe. Human progress can only be measured in moral progress. A society progresses only when its morals progress. The standard for morals is the fear of God and doing unto others as you would have them do to you. These two commandments bring life, peace, truth and freedom. Only Christianity has these two.

Please, for the sake of your soul and the salvation of Canada, have the city council reaffirm the Sunday closing bylaw and close your place of business on Sunday. Obey God rather than mammon and live. - **Jim Keegstra**, former principal of the Eckville school.